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Marcus Adams.

THE HON. MRS. BETHELL, WITH HER SON GUY.

43, Dover Street, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## The Ceremonial of the Countryside

THERE are some unfeeling modernists who will have nothing to do with the ceremonial of the countryside, who regard Christmas, for instance, with its traditional ceremonies, as an unmitigated bore, who would shoo the waits from the door, prosecute the mummers as unlicensed vagabonds, and burn all the holly branches and mistletoe boughs in Great Britain. These forward-looking Scrooges tell us to have done with all this childish tomfoolery and pagan superstition. If we must celebrate something, let us celebrate the formulation of Avogadro's Hypothesis or the enunciation of Dr. Snuffanuff's Law! Let us, they say, with perhaps the suspicion of a snivel, look forward to the future of a race which could, if it would, live in the pure mathematical atmosphere of Sir James Jeans's Seven Dimensions instead of footling about like a lot of children round the nursery fire!

It is possible, of course, to imagine a splendidly gory celebration at Stonehenge of the death of the late Dr. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood; and a quite exciting ceremonial dance of a suitably simian nature might be carried out every year on the anniversary of the publication of the *Origin of Species*. This would usually take place in the orchard no doubt, but presumably other sites for more public revels would be at the disposal of the Department of Woods and Forests. Some of our

conjuring uncles, too, might prove, on the anniversary of Einstein's birthday, just as good at bringing rabbits out of the Fourth Dimension as they now are at producing them from a top-hat. The Eve of Spontaneous Combustion might also be amusing, but, on the whole, these ceremonies would be deadly dull affairs. Imagine the Litmus Feast, where, instead of quaffing red and white wines from polished goblets, you drank red and blue litmus from test-tubes and beakers; or—but we have said enough on this subject. No really nice person, and certainly no really nice child, could think of these spiritless revels and Barmecide feasts without a shudder of spontaneous horror. Let us be thankful that we can still see, if we like, the mummers perform their eight hundred years old folk-drama in front of sixteenth century cottages; that, if you know where to find them, the Morris Men still caper on green lawns in old-world gardens in the glory of English May Days. The May Queen of London is still crowned, and the lesser May Queens do her homage. The Tutti-men still go on their rounds and greet the maidens of Hungerford with, let us hope, the chastest of chaste kisses; the Bands of Lewis still consign the ineffable Guido and his friend, the Pope of Rome, to the flames and embers of ancestral indignation, as, no doubt, their fathers burnt other devils centuries before Gunpowder Treason was thought of.

Until quite recently, indeed, it seemed as though in the rush of modern life and the drifting of populations from country to town, these things might be forgotten and fall into desuetude and oblivion, as so many good customs have done before them. For these customs and traditions and ceremonials are handed down and seldom written down, and when once the community that cherishes them is broken up they vanish in a moment and their place knoweth them no more. That most delightful piece of English folklore, the Mummers' Play, was, until quite recently, in danger of complete oblivion. Only a very few parties of mummers remained, their oral tradition was far from certain, and there has not and never has been a written text. But a young Oxford scholar, who afterwards lost his life in the War, collected all the traditional versions he could persuade the few surviving bands of mummers to give him, and Mr. George Long, a veritable enthusiast in all these matters—he has just written an invaluable "Folklore Calendar"—has given such publicity to the local mummers in the part of Hampshire in which he lives, that to-day a revival of the Mummers' Play is taking place in many parts of the south and west. The play, with its Crusading heroes, its Turkish knight, its Elixir of Life which revives the dead knights, its sword dances, its quack doctor, its limb of Satan and its traditional foolery, is not only the greatest fun in itself, but is extraordinarily interesting in a dozen other ways. Readers of Thomas Hardy will remember the important part it plays in that masterpiece *The Return of the Native*, though, so far as we are aware, it makes no other full-dress appearance in literature. Other customs and ceremonials of the countryside are not even as lucky as this, and there is still an enormous work to be done in breathing new life into them without marring, if that be possible, their primitive simplicity. Of the traditions associated with the Christmas celebrations we all, fortunately, still know a great deal, but, alas! one by one they seem to be lapsing. So, as we wish our readers once again the merriest of Merry Christmases, we would enjoin them to remember what Carols the Waits should sing, how they should suitably be entertained, where the Stockings should be hung, and not to forget either Snapdragon or the Blazing Pudding or the Ceremony of the Tree of Light.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, with her son Guy. Mrs. Bethell, whose husband is the eldest surviving son of Lord Bethell, is the second daughter of the Hon. Sir James Connolly, was married in 1927 and has also a little daughter born this year.

\*.\*It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

THOSE of us who are reasonably humble about our own wits often stand aghast at the nimbleness of other people's. We say of one or other of them in the time-honoured phrase, "Things come into his head that would never come into mine." Of all those who produce in us this salutary modesty the first place must be given to the writers of the Epilogue to the Westminster Day, who sparkle year after year as freshly as ever. They must, of course, be admirable Latin scholars, but their scholarship is as nothing to the astonishing ingenuity and fertility of their minds. Their puns have a quite diabolical cleverness, and they can produce whole sentences in Latin which yet have the outward appearance of being in English. The result is a summary of the year's events which is as brilliantly amusing as such things are as a rule depressingly dull. The Imperial Conference is not superficially full of merriment, and we may fancy that we really had heard enough of Miss Amy Johnson, but here they both are again, together with midget golf and mixed bathing, and we love them both. If anybody ever deserved a laurel wreath, it is this anonymous and composite genius of Westminster.

THE most interesting meeting held last week, under the chairmanship of H.H. the Aga Khan, has served to call particular attention to the experiments which have been carried out recently with the new Spahlinger vaccine against bovine tuberculosis. The question is one of the utmost importance not only to farmers, but to the general public, for it is now established beyond doubt that tuberculosis of the bones, joints and glands in children is due to the drinking of tuberculous milk. Up to the present a suitable vaccine for immunising purposes has not been found. B.C.G. is a "live" vaccine (though in an attenuated form) and is, therefore, held to be dangerous, though there are, as a matter of fact, herds to be found in this country to-day where all calves born are inoculated with this vaccine. Mr. Spahlinger's vaccine, on which he has been working since 1925, contains only dead germs, and the chief purpose of last week's meeting was to disclose the success which has attended its first English trial, held on Mr. R. G. Buxton's Norfolk farm at Petyguards, near Swaffham. Eighteen calves were vaccinated, and in July of this year they were inoculated with extremely virulent living virus. Unvaccinated calves died within a month, but with one exception—a calf which received the smallest amount of vaccine—the vaccinated calves remained fat and healthy.

SUCH results seem to suggest that this vaccine may greatly simplify the problems of eradicating tuberculosis. It is claimed that the vaccine is cheap to produce, that it is simple to administer, and that it retains its immunising properties for a considerable time. These points are all of great practical importance, and if it is found that the results obtained by Mr. Buxton are repeated in ordinary

practice elsewhere, we shall be well on the way to a concerted attack on the bovine tuberculosis that infects our herds. Mr. Spahlinger naturally wishes to interest the Government in his vaccine. On the other hand, it is suggested that before long it will be privately manufactured and will be available for agriculturists at prices well within their reach. Certainly sufficient evidence has now been produced to make it the duty of the Ministry of Agriculture to make every possible enquiry and put the vaccine to every reasonable test. As His Highness the Aga Khan said last week, "The production of tuberculosis-free meat has great importance for the public, the farmer and the Treasury. For the public it means clean and healthy meat for the household. For the farmer it means no more animals emaciated by tuberculosis, no more animals condemned at the meat market as tuberculous; no more reduction of milk-supply owing to the disease affecting his animals' milk-capacity. For the Treasury it means a saving of the huge compensation paid for the destruction of tuberculous cattle."

THE Moral Maxims for Motorists and Other Road-users drawn up by the Ministry of Transport is reminiscent of those Improving Tales devised for the young in our grandmothers' time. They call up visions of an ideal world full of nice motorists, thoughtful pedestrians and sagacious animals, all bent on being as good as gold. Their resemblance to the old Cautionary Tale is strengthened by our knowledge that, if we ignore them, kind Mr. Morrison will be very much pained indeed and will see to it that we are, too. The code is, indeed, no joking matter. The thousands of deaths that occur on the roads are nearly all of them due to thoughtlessness on somebody's part, and it is not by any means always the thoughtless who suffer. If everybody took to heart the excellent advice offered in the code, there is no doubt that the death and accident roll would be enormously reduced. One or two details provoke comment. It would, indeed, be useful if pedestrians would learn to give and understand signals, but until they one and all have learnt to do so accurately it will only lead to confusion to recommend the practice. And the rule always used to be that a led horse kept to the off side of the road, not to the near as recommended by the Ministry.

CAROL.

(From the Old French.)

Long time ago when the world was young  
The beasts all spoke the Latin tongue—  
The cock, whose gold eye saw the best,  
Crowed first of all—"Christus natus est!"  
The slow ox, with his stupid air,  
Asked, "Ubi? Ubi? Ubi? Where?"  
The goat with wrinkled nose replies,  
"At Bethlehem," and straightway cries  
The ass, poor Master Baudet,—"Ho!  
Eamus! Brothers, let us go!"  
To whom the young calf, eager to follow,  
Lows softly twice,—"O volo, volo."

H. F. M. PRESCOTT.

THE most famous and lovable of all bankrupts in fiction was unquestionably Mr. Micawber. His creator was so fond of him that he could not bear him to end in debt, and so the last we hear of him is as a flourishing magistrate in Australia who had paid off everything, even down to Traddles's bill. Something of the same kind is now happening in real life. A descendant of the brother of Rembrandt's wife is determined that his illustrious "in-law" must no longer be the bankrupt that he was at the time of his death, and is taking legal steps to have the bankruptcy annulled. The details of the transaction we have not yet heard, but we sincerely trust that this romantic student of Utrecht University will not have to pay all Rembrandt's debts with compound interest; otherwise the result might only be to substitute one insolvent for another. It seems, again, that there may be a considerable problem in the identifying of the representatives of

Rembrandt's creditors who are entitled to receive this pleasant little windfall. Perhaps, however, we are conjuring up difficulties that do not exist, and the whole affair can be dealt with by some masterly legal fiction. Assuming that to be the case, the notion of the young gentleman of Utrecht is none the less charming, and we envy him the luxury of his own feelings on the occasion.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, to which non-members can gain admission by tickets obtainable from members, is one of the best, in general extent, that have been held for some time. The great charity exhibitions that are now held in private houses might be thought to make the Club's shows more difficult to arrange and, by comparison, less interesting. But the selection committee this winter has triumphed over these rivals by producing not so much an exhibition, as a cosy room—such as one might find in an old country house—in which everything is either beautiful or interesting. Its scope is uncommonly wide. The pictures range from Sassetta to an extraordinary portrait by David lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, and include a fine Rembrandt. The furniture is, for the most part, of the simpler kind, but admirable in quality—there is an exceptional oak reading table, on which rests a unique painted desk made for Henry VIII. There are early Staffordshire and German porcelain figures, some beautiful English glass, lace and bronzes; while a large case contains a number of treasures, such as Etruscan and early Chinese bronzes, two lovely mediæval enamels, and a curious "Lambs Wool Cup" mounted in silver.

THE Government's long-awaited Bill to Protect Ancient Monuments sets out to prevent those sudden threats to the amenities of ancient buildings and historic monuments such as have been only too frequent during the past few years. The surroundings of Stonehenge were saved from vulgarisation thanks to generous public subscriptions raised only in the nick of time, and many an old building, like Christchurch Priory, has been the basis of a form of national blackmail, and private individuals have been induced to pay down large sums of money in order to preserve the jewel in its setting. In the most recent case, the proposed quarrying works beside the Roman Wall, private efforts could have been of no avail, and it was this threat to the lonely grandeur of our finest Roman monument which has been directly responsible for the present Bill. When passed into law it will set on foot a series of preservation schemes restricting any alterations or developments within the vicinity of a historic monument. Once the preservation scheme has come into force, both building and setting will be assured immunity from spoliation, though, in the interests of private owners of land within a scheduled area, provision is made for compensation should a claim be made. An important clause in the Bill, and one which is long overdue, empowers the Commissioners of Works to prohibit the exportation of historic buildings abroad.

THE University "Soccer" match followed much the same course as the "Rugger" match; Cambridge scored in the first half, Oxford scored in the second, and made a draw of it. There the resemblance between the two matches ended, for, while all the world and his wife went to Twickenham, most people satisfied themselves with a look at the tape or the evening paper as regards Stamford Bridge. Time was when the football boot was on the other leg. In the great Cambridge days of Cobbold and A. M. Walters, Spilsbury and Tinsley Lindley, the Rugby men played second fiddle to those who could compete even with the mighty Preston North End. Later on, when the Oxford cohorts gleamed with G. O. Smith, Oakley, Raikes and Fry, the Association match held its own. This year the records of the two sides were but mediocre ones; both had lost far more trial matches than they had won, and both had come down with a sad crash before professional adversaries. Still, a 'Varsity match is a 'Varsity match; those who were there saw a fierce and close fight, though on a desperately muddy ground. It is, at any rate, cheering that Oxford

has held its own this week. That irritating talk of its "decadence" will not, we may be sure, be heard on this occasion.

THE question of lawn tennis as a school game always arouses argument. The Lawn Tennis Association has lately offered to send competent coaches to the various Public Schools next summer, presumably in order to try to improve the standard of English play. Some schools have accepted, and others, including Eton, have looked this gift horse firmly in the mouth. If a game is worth playing, it is worth playing well, and the real question seems to be not whether boys should be coached, but whether they should play lawn tennis as a regular school game. The value of team games is sometimes spoken of with exaggerated enthusiasm: the players of them are not always so wonderfully unselfish, nor the players of individual games so selfish, as we are told. At the same time, very few would like to see lawn tennis become a serious school rival of cricket. What it can usefully be is an adjunct to it. There will always be some whose cricket consists of an innings that lasts for no more than an over, and then a long loaf before a spell in the field, with no chances of bowling. That may be Spartan discipline, but it is poor fun, and lawn tennis would at least give some of these unfortunates both pleasure and exercise.

#### TO ISEULT.

You asked for sunshine and for palms and flowers,  
Blue skies and bluer seas and golden hours;  
A land of ever-dreaming afternoon  
And cool nights silvered by the silver moon.

You have your wish—a white house by the sea,  
Flat-roofed, white-ceiled; a marble balcony;  
A garden green where rose and lily sleep  
And age-old aloes their long vigil keep;  
An olive grove; an orange orchard where  
Bright fruit and blossom scent the crystal air.

Oh, sweet is Italy, and sweet to roam  
So fair a country and to call it home.  
But sometimes, 'mid the white and gold and blue,  
Do you remember England's soberer hue?  
And tell me, do you never long for skies  
Cold, grey and weeping, and the sea-birds' cries  
Where gaunt cliffs stand above a northern shore?

When England's ghost comes knocking at the door  
Would you not give a golden year away  
For one short English day?

Y. B. GOLDING.

ALTHOUGH the Land Valuation Bill appears to have been shelved, the Government is still wedded to the idea of a tax on land. The project, of course, spells final disaster for agriculture so plainly that comment is superfluous. But, in a memorandum addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the C.P.R.E. has pointed out that land taxation must also have the effect of forcing on to the market for building purposes much land which should be reserved for open spaces of one kind or another, if it is imposed before adequate machinery is available for acquiring such public open spaces. The memorandum accordingly urges that the new "town" planning Bill, which is to zone the whole country, should be put into effect before any land tax, and makes a constructive proposal for forming a fund with which, in effect, to acquire open spaces. This proposal was explained in detail by Sir Theodore Chambers in COUNTRY LIFE of April 26th, 1930. Briefly stated, it is that owners of land reserved from building under a planning scheme could be compensated out of a charge imposed on the increment values realised by those owners whose building land benefits by the adjacent reservations. Unless some equitable clause such as this is inserted in the Bill, the Government's reckless proposals for exploiting land values cannot but have the effect of destroying the appearance as well as the prosperity of the countryside.



## THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW



HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S HIGHLAND STEER.  
*First Prize and Reserve Breed Cup.*

IT is sometimes a little difficult to know by what standards progress is judged. At the summer shows it is usually left to the eye of the judge to decide how far improvement has proceeded towards perfection. The Smithfield Show, however, is not only a reflection of what is possible in the fattening of cattle, sheep and pigs, but it now sets the fashion as to what the market demands. In this sense one is able to record progress in the concentration of feeders on younger animals. Early maturity has been emphasised right from the time Robert Bakewell established the improved Leicester breed of sheep, but the achievements of breeders and feeders to-day eclipse anything that Bakewell ever thought of. There must be a limit to this early fattening demand, though it would seem to evolve from sentimental considerations in many cases. Business often demands a cold-blooded policy, but those who tend stock are sometimes tempted to be sorry when they see young animals slaughtered before they have reached anything like maturity.

It would be distinctly interesting to know what the breeders and feeders who supported the first Smithfield Club Show in 1799 would think of the Show this year. Then there were only two classes for cattle and two for sheep, with a prize money total of £52 10s. This year prizes amounting to £5,189 10s. were offered, distributed over sixty-one classes for cattle, thirty-seven for sheep, thirty for pigs and thirteen slaughter classes. The competition this year was keener than ever, and in well filled classes breeders and feeders provided exhibits which contributed to make the Show one of the most uniform in quality that has ever been held. It was, indeed, a good show, and a higher tribute cannot be paid than that. Weak sections were to be found, but there was much to counterbalance these.

In attempting to single out the special features of this year, mention must be made of the excellent baby-beef classes. One contributing factor in this case is that in previous years the baby beefs have been limited to steers, but this year the classification specified 'steers or heifers not exceeding 15

months old.' It says much both for breeding and feeding when groups of animals can average over 9cwt. live weight at twelve months old. The classes for animals between two and three years old, which in other years have been strongly supported, did not come up to their former standards as far as numbers were concerned. The Aberdeen-Angus breed effectively demonstrated that it dominates the meat-producing spheres in this country, both in the pure form and through its crosses. Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch sprang a surprise in the showyard camp by sending his Aberdeen-Angus heifer Jewel of Ballindalloch, which was reserve champion at last year's Show, to beat the Birmingham and Edinburgh champion cattle. It is good that the honours get a little more widely distributed than in the old days, while it is equally good that there are many animals rather than a few of championship standing. Jewel is an outstanding animal, weighing 14½cwt. at two years eleven months old, and has lines of perfection so far as conformation points are concerned. She is blocky and low to the ground, well and evenly fleshed and typical of high quality in her appearance.

Among the other breeds of cattle, Devons made a good show. The Prince of Wales is always a prominent exhibitor in this section and headed the senior steer class; while His Majesty the King won the senior heifer class with Windsor Fancy and, in addition, gained the breed cup. There is something very attractive about the Devon cattle, while the leading exhibits

in the baby-beef class had better weight for age records than any other cattle in the Show. Herefords, too, claim the interest of the King, but Lord Cowley won the breed cup with his senior steer, of excellent merit, which weighed 17½cwt. The breed has been better represented, and it is difficult to account for the limited competition provided in the senior classes. Shorthorns, too, have been under a cloud of late, and one is not able to observe much improvement in the competition. The Rosebery Estates secured the breed cup with Lothian Mary 3rd, the



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEVON STEER, CHASTY PARAGON.  
*First Prize.*

winning beast in the junior heifer class; while Sir Bernard Greenwell's senior steer Marden Chief was reserve. Sussex cattle have qualities which point to a family association with the Devons and Herefords, and they, too, pulled their weight this year. A delightful senior heifer, Caburn Bess 3rd, secured the breed cup for Brigadier-General Holdsworth; while Sir George Courthope's heifer was the runner-up. Red polls are one of the dual-purpose types which seem to perform well in beef and dairying circles. Sir Herbert Hambling's Yoxford Juno, the winner of the senior heifer class, gained the breed cup.

Galloway cattle promise to come to the fore in the inspection classes, just as for years they have more than held their own in the carcass classes. The Welsh breed also mustered a good entry, but, as with the Galloway, they have no baby-beef class. Lord Stanley won the breed cup with the winner of the senior heifer class. Highland cattle, as picturesque as ever, attracted a good entry and some good cattle. His Majesty the King gained two of the first prizes, but Brigadier-General J. D. H. Maitland won the breed cup with the winning junior steer Pride of Errol 2nd. The crossbreds are always interesting, and Aberdeen-Angus crosses predominated, both in the first and second cross classes. The champion steer of the show and reserve for the supreme championship was found in the second cross group, this being Mr. Alexander Reid's twice crossed Aberdeen-Angus which secured the championship at Edinburgh. He, too, is a very level-fleshed beast, weighing just under 15cwt. in a fortnight under three years of age. It was a touch and go matter whether this steer would not win the championship, but Sir G. M. Grant's heifer was ultimately preferred for the honour.

The sheep section of the show has altered greatly. In most breeds the competition is confined to lamb classes, so that one does not get the big sheep exhibited which used to be the case. The south of England breeds, naturally, claimed much support, in which Hampshires, Southdowns and Suffolks were most numerous. Here, again, there were some excellent classes, and many well known names featured in the prize lists. "Practice with science" is a good motto, and it was particularly pleasing to note the successes of the University College of North Wales in the Welsh mountain breed. Among the Longwools, Mr. Ernest



SIR GEORGE MACPHERSON GRANT'S ABERDEEN-ANGUS HEIFER "JEWEL OF BALLINDALLOCH."  
*First Prize and King's Challenge Cup for best Animal.*

Addison, a kinsman of the Minister of Agriculture, secured the Longwool championship with his Lincoln wether lambs, but it was left to the Shortwools to carry off the supreme championship. Mr. E. Clifton-Brown's pen of Hampshire Down ewe lambs not only gained the Shortwool championship, but were also adjudged the best sheep in the show. This is interesting, because it rather points to a Hampshire Down revival. Suffolks have held matters their own way in the crossing markets for some years past, but there is a growing demand for the Hampshire, and this victory should serve the breed well.

The pig section was a little variable, and although there was an increase in numbers on the year, the competition in many classes was restricted. Despite the adverse criticisms passed by eminent bacon enthusiasts, the Middle White breed still maintains its popularity—in fact, judged by this show, is the most popular breed in the country. It caters for the protected pork markets, however, and that is an asset which is denied to the purely bacon interests. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn and Miss R. B. Babcock, both enthusiastic breeders, secured the breed cup and the reserve respectively. Large Whites have gone ahead very much the last year or two. The impetus given by the advice of the Pig Industry Council has proved an asset to the breed. Gradually the local markets are revealing increasing numbers of Large Whites and their crosses, which is all a sign to the good. Lord Daresbury secured the championship for the best pen of baconers with Large Whites, and Messrs. W. White and Son's Large White secured the single pig championship. The pork championship resulted in a victory for Messrs. W. White and Son's Large White-Middle White cross-pigs, the Berkshire exhibits of Mr. S. C. Armitage being reserve. Berkshires are usually at the top or near it when championships are being awarded, and they still head the list of championship winners.

There was the usual exhibit of implements on the numerous stands, but in these days of agricultural depression there is not the disposition to spend money on new equipment if it can be avoided. Most people agree that this is the worst year through which agriculture has passed in the present depression, and the only bright thing about it is that farmers still keep hoping.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S DEVON HEIFER "WINDSOR FANCY."  
*First Prize and Breed Cup.*



ROSEBERY ESTATES' SHORTHORN HEIFER "LOTHIAN MARY 3RD."  
*First Prize and Breed Cup.*



BRIG.-GEN. T. D. H. MAITLAND'S HIGHLAND STEER, "PRIDE OF ERROL 2ND."  
*First Prize and Breed Cup.*



BRIG.-GEN. G. HOLDSWORTH'S SUSSEX HEIFER, "CABURN BESS 3RD."  
*First Prize and Breed Cup.*



# AT THE THEATRE

## A Highbrow Takes A Toss.

**M**R. MAURICE BROWNE has given to his revue at the Little Theatre the significant title of "Caviare," and caviare it turned out to be with a vengeance. But let me be particular. *Item 1.*—Introductory, and of an amateurishness to cause foreboding. *Item 2.*—Two Spanish ladies thrummed melancholy guitars and united their voices in song without, alas, attaining village concert pitch! *Item 3.*—The pretty Tango of Albeniz pleasantly rendered by Miss Barbara Williams. *Item 4.*—"Enoch in Arden," a sketch about a Tommy with a bright smile and a Colonel bedecked with a daisy-chain. Totally unintelligible, and with all the horrid playfulness of a Milne fantasy without the compensating wit. *Item 5.*—Mr. Edward Cooper at the piano announced an impersonation of M. Chevalier. This would have done equally well for Fragon, Farkoa, or any Frenchman. Mr. Noel Coward's voice was well caught, but Mr. Cooper would be well advised to try card-manipulation or some other form of vaudeville act. *Item 6.*—"My Reason for Living," I could not see the force of this. *Item 7.*—Mesdames

Hilda and Mary Spencer Watson presented a mime-play or something of the sort. This was about a lank young man with an Assyrian beard who was pursued by an enthusiastic young woman clutching a duck. To this, three ladies performed an accompaniment on instruments which sounded like cello, tom-tom and zither, and moaned some dreadful rubbish by Milhaud—the sort of thing which, at Chelsea parties, happens in a space cleared in a room less than twenty feet square and already containing four hundred people. *Item 8.*—"My Sweetie Turned Me Down."

A song for an American Simple Simon.

*Item 9.*—A sketch entitled "Because of the Billycock." An intense young woman expecting her lover to turn up in the guise of an idyllic poet finds that he has transformed himself into a matter-of-fact young man complete with bowler. So she stabs him with a stiletto, and after some logic-twisting, à la Pirandello, arrives at the conclusion that she has created herself, "and am therefore God." Comment needless. Or isn't it? Anyhow, *Item 10* brought us to "Josephine," a cleverly-worked puppet, and a chorus number. *Item 11* sent us out into the foyer for the first interval in a diminishing state of boredom and more hopeful for the future. The whole of the second part was devoted to *Item 12*, an allegory entitled "Aria da Capo," by Miss Edna St. Vincent Millay. This was designed to show that the consequences of greed are unpleasant, and the illustration proceeded by means of two young shepherds from the age of Early Poesy but wearing the shirts and trousers of this. A pleasant enough sketch, though much too long.

Having turned Cape St. Vincent the programme suddenly took to itself a totally unexpected jollity, always excepting the plaintive Spanish ladies (*Item 14*). Prior to this, *Item 13* had given us a capital skit upon our differing views concerning Russia. Russia as seen by "The Morning Toast." Russia as seen by "The Daily Toiler." Then came "Just Russia." Here we saw two decent working-men hammering at something or other with all the honest assiduity of your Clydeside riveter. Then the dinner-bell sounded and both workmen downed tools with a precipitance wholly British. *Item 15* gave us Mr. Richard Odlin and his two puppet-scenes, "Kinky Kids" and "Clown and Dog." The kids were just American dancers and very good. But the dog was far and away the best bit of puppetry I have ever seen, not forgetting the Italian masters. *Item 16.*—"Why Waste Your Tears?" was sung with charming melancholy by Miss Margaret Rawlings. *Item 17.*—"Why Not?" was a most amusing sketch in which Mr. Reginald Tate pretended to be a North Country boulder committing every solecism a modern restaurant affords. Opposite Mr. Tate sat an elderly Professor trying to consume oysters and Milton at the same time, whom Mr. Tate would not, as they say, let be. Finally, the Professor stabbed the boulder with a table

knife, and he, poor fellow, departed this over-mannered life with a singularly disarming: "No offence, old chap!" Mr. Tate's acting here must have given every sensitive person in the audience cause to gulp. I was particularly pleased by Mr. Tate's success since it is within my knowledge that one of our best-known dramatic critics, from whom Mr. Tate sought advice at the time when he was an enthusiastic amateur, implored him to sweep streets, collect taxes, master workhouses, or perform any other abject and menial office rather than attempt the lower one of trying to please the British public. Mr. Tate politely said that, so advised, nothing would induce him to go on the professional stage, and was on it next day! Then came *Item 18*, the plum of the evening. This was "Walk, Shepherdess, Walk," to describe which fitly I should have to draw upon the jargon of the art-critic, in which I have no holding. So I shall just say that it was a little masterpiece of miming, while the ladies who had so affrighted us with Milhaud's horrid sound now enchanted us to the accompaniment of something I guessed to have been virginals. Here Mesdames Hilda and



Stage Photo. Co.

BARBARA WILLIAMS AND RICHARD ODLIN IN "CAVIARE."

Mary Spencer-Watson caused us to revise our previous notions concerning their art. The evening then petered out with *Item 19*, a really humiliating burlesque of the previous item, and with *Item 20*, wherein Mr. Richard Odlin feebly sang "Never Swat A Fly." This song is being sung by the Misses Nora Blaney and Gwen Farrar at the Savoy, and they do it so much better that Mr. Odlin would be well advised to choose another ditty. Frankly, this entertainment is not nearly good enough. Half the turns would not be heard to a finish at, say, the Victoria Palace. Half the remainder are not up to what I should call the Jack Hulbert standard, and of the little that is left only one item could conceivably go into any of Mr. Cochran's shows, though this item is exceptional and worthy of "Chauve-Souris" at its best. I take no account here of the little puppet-show, which is not essentially revue. Normally, I am inclined to hold that criticism should point out what things in the theatre are fair, lovely, and of good report. But I have been to the trouble of analysing the deficiencies of Mr. Browne's revue, first because the pages of COUNTRY LIFE afford ample evidence of my extravagant admiration for this enthusiastic idealist, and second because enthusiastic idealists should not attempt to walk in that way of common entertainment for which they are supremely ill-fitted. A revue is a highly complicated, supremely technical business for which brains of a particular kind are needed, and to think that it is a lower and easier kind of art than the performance of highbrow masterpieces

and to act on that view is to dig your own pitfall and fall ignominiously into it. What would Mr. Browne say if Mr. Jack Hulbert were to attempt "The Unknown Warrior"? I tremble to think. But I tremble much more to think what Mr. Hulbert would say after sitting through a performance of "Caviare." There was, of course, a good deal of polite enthusiasm after each and every item. But I shall suggest that ninety-nine parts of the mixture was politeness. These unpleasant things being said, let me now advise readers that from every point of view Mr. Cochran's "Ever Green" at the Adelphi Theatre is the loveliest of this enchanting master's productions up to date. The thing is called "a musical show," but it is, of course, a revue, produced with exquisite waywardness, containing a beautiful piece of character-acting by Miss Jean Cadell, and discovering in Mr. Albert Burdon a new comic star of the first magnitude.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

### THE PLAYBILL

#### New Arrivals.

WONDER BAR.—*Savoy*.

"The prettiest insipid company in the world."—*Gray to Mr. West, from London, 1737.*

THE QUEEN BEE.—*Prince of Wales.*

"As an Englishman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at its dulness and its nastiness."—*Gray to Mr. Walpole, from Cambridge, December 13, 1765.*

A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED.—*St. James's.*

"It engages our attention . . . and makes all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights."—*Gray to Mr. Walpole, December 30th, 1764.*

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.—*Daly's.*

"I am struck with the chorus."—*Gray to Mr. Mason, from Stokely, September 28th, 1757.*

#### Tried Favourites.

THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN.—*Whitehall.*

"We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Peterhouse, December, 1736.*

PETTICOAT INFLUENCE.—*New.*

"The thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

THE LOVE RACE.—*Gaiety.*

"A whole house more attentive than if Farinelli sung."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET.—*Queen's.*

"The genteelst thing in the world."—*Gray to Mr. West, from Paris, April 12th, 1739.*

## IN PRAISE OF VISTAS

OF all the benefits that the cult of the Picturesque has brought to our nation the vista is the most precious. The magnitude of that claim appears upon enquiry into the range of pleasures and advantages that that gentle pursuit opened up to our forefathers. Before our countrymen discovered the landscape pictures of Claude and Rubens towards the close of the seventeenth century, and before the Early Georgian landscape poets had translated the visions of the Italian painters into melodious iambs, the greater number of those aspects of nature that delight us in our travels, our walks abroad, or in our gardens made no pleasurable impression at all upon those who noticed them. If Englishmen commented upon a range of distant mountains, it was because of the difficulty encountered in surmounting them. Their pleasure in what subsequently became known as landscapes arose from no visual impressions, but from the ideas associated with certain parts or attributes of a landscape. A plain was fertile, and therefore productive, and therefore pleasant; or was flat, and therefore a good place for a battle, and therefore interesting. Or a forest grove was just the place for a nymph, and therefore associated with tender passion. At a still earlier period the range of associations was even more restricted. *Les Très Riches Heures* of Jean Fouquet, which may be taken as the most joyful

record of mediæval landscape, tell us only that the Duke of Burgundy was proud of his castle and enjoyed hunting in his forests; and that the artist adored the seasonal routine of the countryside. Even in the sixteen-nineties an intelligent woman like Celia Fiennes could travel all over England, including the Lake District, without once reacting to the visual attributes of the scenery. A road was either steep or good; a house either old-fashioned or splendid. And there the matter ended.

Yet already the first vague yearnings for some kind of a view had been felt, and in France, where the influence of Italy was felt sooner than in this country, Le Nôtre introduced the vista in its simplest form—the avenue. The avenue is essentially a civilised conception, and, as such, is to be found in various forms among the remains of most ancient civilisations. It is the architect's way of expressing the victory of reason and order over chaos, and to move along an avenue such as a French *route nationale* is still to receive an impression of security, order and importance. The parks, planted under Le Nôtre's influence, were adorned with interminable avenues, in which the eye was satisfied usually by some object placed for that purpose at its end. And gardens, formerly enclosed entirely by walls, to look over which it was necessary to climb a mount or terrace, were given a peep into the outside world by an occasional *claire voie* of iron railings. But the avenue and the *claire voie*.



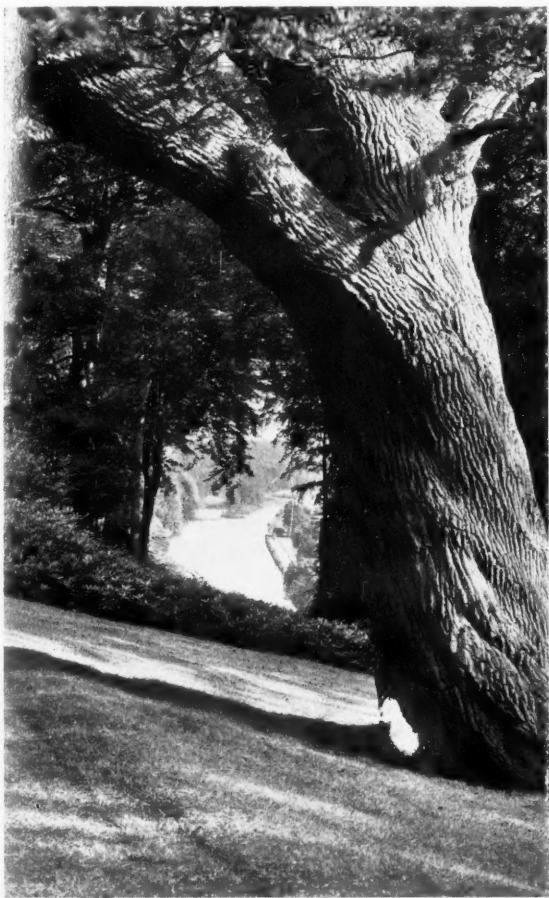
1.—A VISTA THROUGH CLIVEDEN WOODS.



though taking cognisance of Nature, were inspired by no specifically visual desires. The avenue is a rational conception. The *claire voie* no more than a sigh for a wider life.

Then the amateurs discovered the painters. From their canvases they derived strange pleasures all unconnected with utility or reason, and arising, rather, from effects of light and shadow, harmonising colours, and balance of forms. To express this abstract view of things they adopted the Italian word *pittoresco*, "after the manner of painters." The landscape gardeners of the eighteenth century, in "improving" parks into a resemblance to the ideal world of the painters, at first fell foul of the avenues of their predecessors, contriving, instead, less formal vistas with clearings and flanking woods. But by the beginning of the nineteenth century a romantic delight in avenues had developed, by which they were appreciated for their resemblance to the aisles of Gothic cathedrals.

The picturesque Renaissance, which I once made the subject of a book that failed to meet with the response that it deserved, is responsible for unnumbered riches in our minds and in this country of ours. It is after the manner of the Italian landscapers, and their artistic descendants,

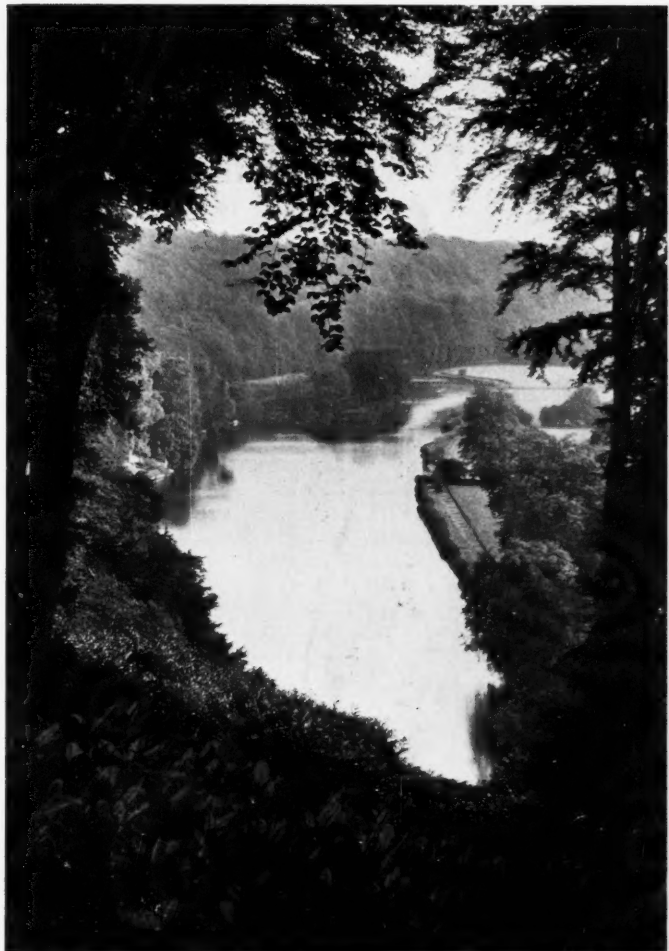


2.—THE CANNING OAK.

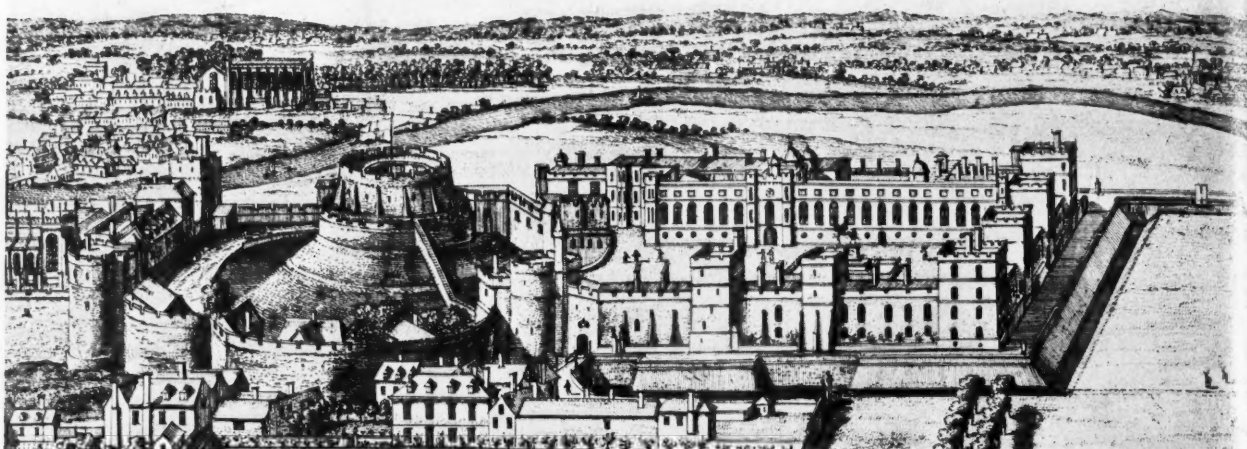
Wilson, Constable and Turner, that we go sight-seeing to-day, design our wild and herbaceous gardens, and strive to order our woodlands. Our delight in colour, in the texture of old or recent buildings and in the way they harmonise with their setting, our very love of the face of England that the collapse of the picturesquely minded aristocracy threatens with destruction, are legacies of the movement that set our great-grandfathers a-planting and great-grandmothers a-sketching in the style of Cox and De Wint. And of all these benefits I assert that the impulse to make and to love vistas is the one most highly to be prized. The search for vistas sends us upon salubrious and edifying walks; their discovery exalts the soul by combining surprise with the pleasure of perceiving balanced masses and contrasted light and shade, at the same time projecting our attention tactfully along a predestined course to a chosen goal. Their planning lays down for us the main lines of our gardens, often, indeed, the disposal of our houses and thereby the course of our lives. To shave every morning at a window commanding an extensive vista predisposes us to foresight and idealism. In short, it is the vista that has made our nation what it is, and when these our sacred groves are felled or suffered to grow up, I do not hesitate to prophesy that the glory will depart from Britain. C. H.



3.—THE THAMES FROM CLIVEDEN.



4.—CLIVEDEN REACH FRAMED IN A VISTA.



# WINDSOR CASTLE

## III.—THE STATE APARTMENTS

*In 1824-30 Wyattville replaced Charles II's Chapel, St. George's Hall, Guard Room and other apartments which had been decorated by Verrio and Gibbons.*

IN 1824, on August 12th, a day that later sovereigns have been used to consecrate, when possible, to a very different occupation, King George IV laid the first stone of the works that were to change Windsor Castle into the form we know to-day. At the same time he authorised the architect, Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt, to style himself Sir Jeffrey Wyattville. A wit, who had an affection for the venerable if motley castle, and

watched with regret its uncouth masses yielding to a romantic imagination, celebrated the occasion with an epigram:

Let George, whose restlessness leaves nothing quiet,  
Change, if he will, the good old name of Wyatt.  
But let us hope that their united skill  
Will not make Windsor Castle Wyattville.

When, twelve years later, the work for which Parliament had

originally granted £150,000 was completed at a cost of about £1,200,000 including the cost of furniture, the Castle did indeed bear the impress of Wyattville to the obliteration of much of romance and beauty with which previous generations had endowed it. But, in the words of the late St. John Hope:

However much the antiquary may regret the destruction of earlier features and obliteration of architectural history, there cannot be any doubt that the castle had become quite unfitted for the residence of the Sovereign. Indeed, during its occupation by King George III and his Queen and the members of their family, the accommodation of the residential parts must have been strained to the uttermost. Owing moreover to the conservative retention of the medieval arrangements, communication between the State Apartments and the lodgings on the other side of the upper ward was only possible by traversing the wide and open courtyard.

The Castle was put into such sound condition that for a hundred years it has been the principal residence of successive sovereigns without any considerable sum needing to be spent on the fabric, if we except the building of the new Grand Staircase for Queen Victoria in 1866. And, if much has disappeared that we may deplore, the outline of the Castle, from whatever point it is viewed, undoubtedly surpasses in majesty that which Wyattville found.

As regards the upper ward, Wyattville created a new Royal residence on its southern and eastern sides between 1825 and 1827, and not till the latter year was it decided to reconstruct the old State Apartments. Between 1800 and 1810 the exterior of this ancient and much altered group of buildings had been partly Gothicked by his uncle, James Wyatt. It was not till the old apartments had been deserted by the King for the new that Wyattville was able to make the detailed examination that convinced him that they

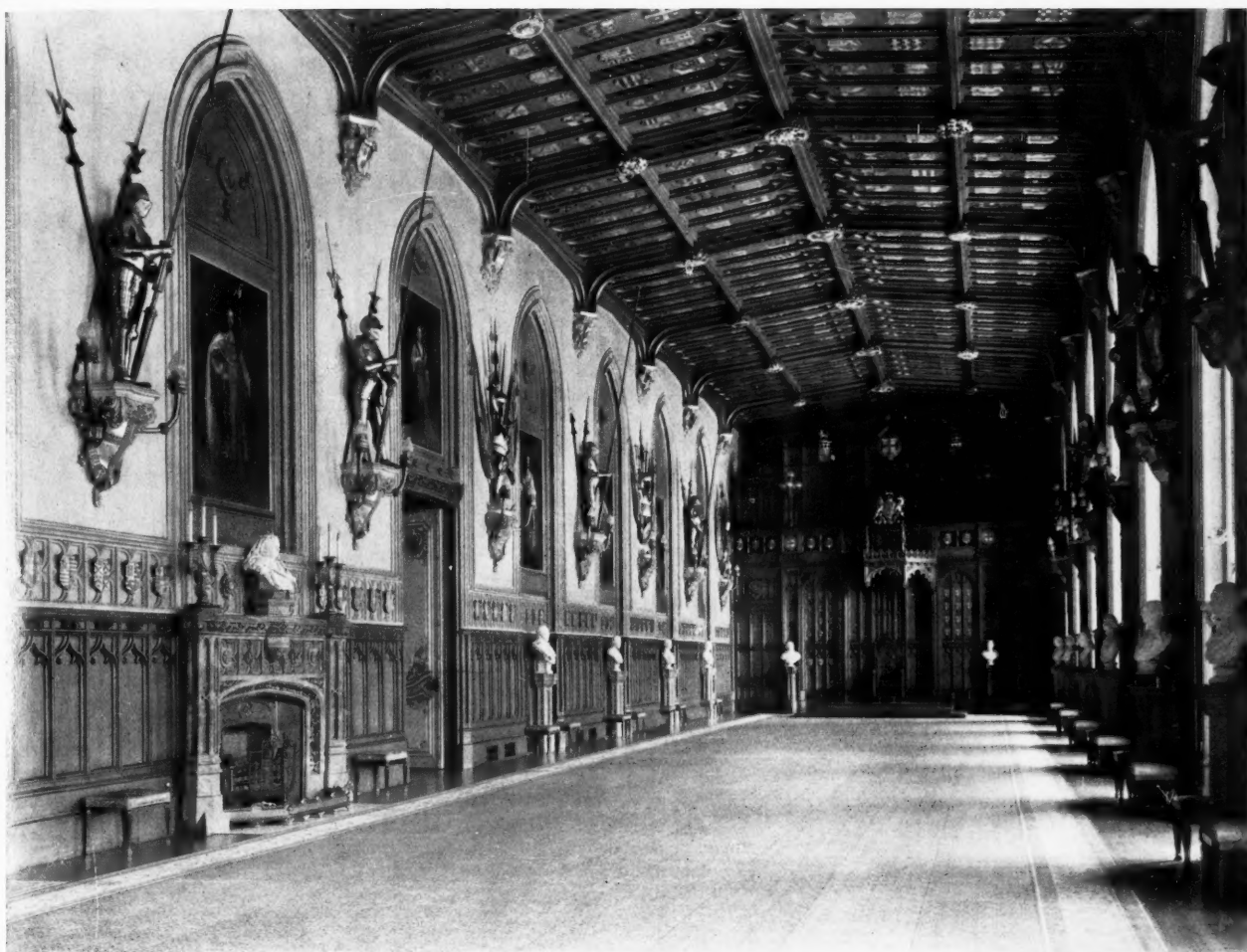


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1.—THE GRAND STAIRCASE.  
Built from designs by Salvin, 1866.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



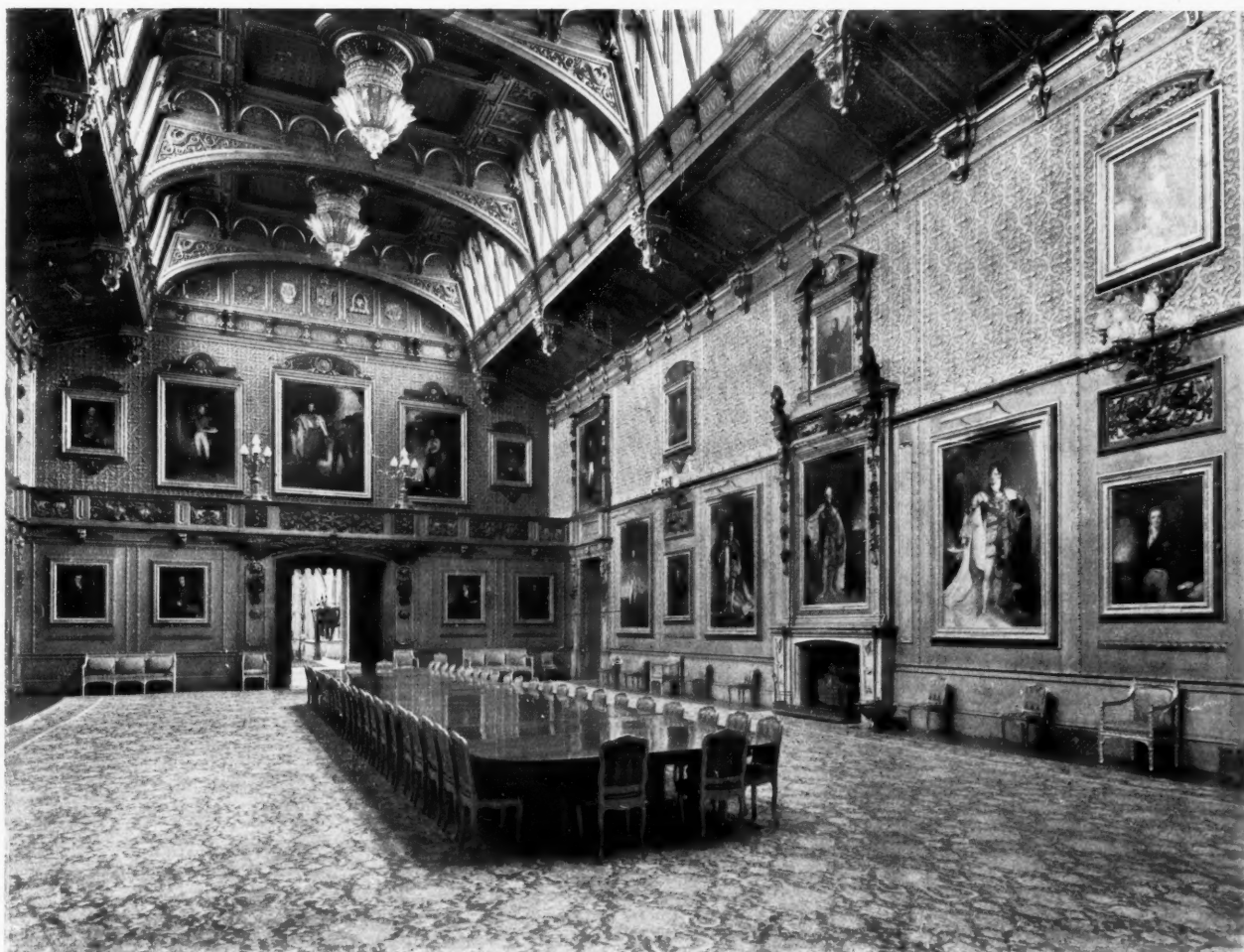


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2.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

*It occupies the space of the original hall and chapel.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE WATERLOO CHAMBER.

*Hung with Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of the Allied Leaders.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—A PANEL OF THE CHAPEL CARVING IN THE WATERLOO CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

needed a thorough reconstruction, and, such being the case, had better be brought into harmony with the rest of his work.

During the reigns of George I and George II Windsor had been forsaken in favour of Kensington and Hampton Court. George III's love of country pursuits attracted him to the Castle, but he found it very inconvenient; indeed, Queen Charlotte and the princesses took to living in a building known as the Queen's Lodge, that lay south of and outside the Castle. After 1800 James Wyatt began a series of alterations which so far remedied things that in about 1805 the Queen came into residence. The most important alteration, for which, however, it is difficult to find a reason, since it can scarcely have affected

the amenities of the building, was the destruction of May and Verrio's Grand Staircase and the King's Privy Staircase which adjoined it northwards, to make room for a new Grand Staircase in the Gothic style. Both May's and Wyatt's staircases were immediately opposite the entrance from the upper ward in Edward III's porch, from which a vestibule ran directly north to the foot of the stairs. The Charles II staircase was adorned with what must have been Verrio's most elaborate composition, its dome and ceiling being filled with figures personifying the Elements, its walls with architecture in which strayed the Muses. By 1802 this had been replaced by two longer flights of steps lit by a Gothic lantern in the roof nearly roofed from the floor.



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5.—GIBBONS CARVING FROM THE DESTROYED CHAPEL IN THE WATERLOO CHAMBER.

"C.L."



The lantern is still in position, lighting the Grand Vestibule formed by Salvin when he built the present Grand Staircase. Wyatt's staircase was destroyed by Wyattville to make way for an oval staircase which encroached upon Brick Court and was approached from the lobby running north and south from Edward III's porch to George IV's tower on the terrace. It appears to have been unsatisfactory, for in 1866 it was destroyed by Salvin to make room for the present staircase (Fig. 1). The reason for this third change was, presumably, to afford a more imposing axial approach to the Waterloo Chamber. This was constructed by Wyattville in the old Horn Court immediately east of the old staircase which had given so direct access to it from the State Apartments. What Salvin did in effect was to move the ascent to the State Apartments into Brick Court as far as he could west of Edward III's porch in order to procure a long vista eastwards from the top of it. But this involves a very awkward approach to the staircase from the entrance: a left turn into the Edward III undercroft, beneath the Queen's Presence Chamber, then a right turn from the farther end of it, up a dark and narrow flight before the staircase itself is reached. Once it is reached, the lantern-lit staircase hall is a fine thing in its way. At its head there were formerly mounted two superb suits of harness made for James I's sons. They have now been dismounted and placed where their workmanship can be seen. One of the suits—that made for Henry, Prince of Wales in 1610, probably by William Pickering of Greenwich—is considered the most celebrated piece of seventeenth century armour in the Royal collection. The prince is shown wearing the suit in Van Dyck's portrait of him at Windsor, and his initials, etched and gilt, frequently appear in the decoration. The surface as a whole is burnished and blued. The other suit, believed to have belonged to Charles I when Prince of Wales, is lavishly etched, and is probably of French workmanship of the same date.

At the foot of Chantrey's stately statue of George IV, a replica of which in bronze stands outside the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, are the war-worn colours of the Irish regiments disbanded in 1922. Only those who witnessed the ceremony when the colonels handed the colours back to the King can know the sadness implicit in that curt phrase.

If we go westwards from the head of the stairs, we pass through the Grand Vestibule—which is James Wyatt's staircase



6.—THE QUEEN'S GUARD CHAMBER, AS RE-BUILT BY WYATTVILLE.



7.—THE JACOBI SUIT MADE FOR SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON, AND WORN BY THE CHAMPIONS OF ENGLAND.

hall with a floor put in it—and come into the Waterloo Chamber. But we will turn to the right into the Queen's Guard Chamber as remodelled by Wyattville. In Charles II's day this was a square room with a Verrio ceiling. But one of Wyattville's alterations was the addition of a projecting gate-house in front of Edward III's porch, and to fill its upper part he lengthened the Guard Chamber southwards, destroying Verrio's work and converting it into a Gothic hall (Fig. 6). At the south end of it stands the superb armour made in 1585 for Sir Christopher Hatton, and formerly in the possession of the Dymoke family of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire, hereditary Champions of England. There is no doubt that it is one of the suits made at the Greenwich factory during Queen Elizabeth's reign and illustrated in the Jacobi Manuscript, but authorities differ upon whether the maker was Jacobi or Jacob Toft, and when the suit was last worn. After a chequered history the suit was bought by a group of gentlemen in 1901 and presented to King Edward VII. On the walls of the Guard Chamber hang the two banners of France presented annually by the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, by which tenure

by visitors to having been, beyond description, magnificent. In 1683 John Evelyn wrote:

That which was new at Windsor since I was last there, and was surprising to me, was the incomparable fresco painting in St. George's Hall, representing the legend of St. George and triumph of the Black Prince, and his reception by Edward III; the volto, or roof, not totally finished; then the Resurrection in the Chapel, where the figure of the Ascension is, in my opinion, comparable to any paintings of the most famous Roman masters: the Last Supper, also over the altar, is liked the contrivance of the unseen organ behind the altar, not less the stupendous and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbon, who is, without controversy, the greatest master both for invention and rareness of work that the world ever had in any age.

Pyne's view of the chapel shows it lighted by arched windows on the left, with the "Resurrection" occupying the whole north wall on the right, and "The Last Supper" in an apse behind the altar. The stalls against the north wall had niches formed by fountains of palm leaves springing from cascades of flowers, all carved by Gibbons. The details are described in the payment to Gibbons for—

Carving work done and laid upon xxviii Stalls, carved with Fruit, Flowers, Palmes, Laurels, Pelicans, Pigeons, 500 foot of Cornice



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8.—THE GRAND RECEPTION ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

they hold the manors of Woodstock and Strathfieldsaye respectively.

An arch, opposite the entrance to the Queen's Presence Chamber, leads eastwards into St. George's Hall (Fig. 2), on the walls of which are inscribed the names and arms of the Knights of the Order of the Garter since its foundation. The hall fills the entire range, the western half of which was occupied by the mediæval household chapel, with the original St. George's Hall built by Edward III in prolongation of it eastwards. Wyattville believed that, in making this over-long hall, he was restoring the original arrangement, and that Charles II's chapel had been divided off from the hall by Sir Christopher Wren. St. John Hope's researches have proved, not only that Wren had nothing to do with the business, but that, the chapel having occupied the east end of this range since Henry II's reign, St. George's Hall was, on the contrary, an addition to the chapel.

The chapel had been largely re-built by Queen Elizabeth, and the original St. George's Hall of 1365 had been reconstructed by May between 1678 and 1680. Both were elaborately decorated by Gibbons and Verrio, and their effect is testified

that has two members enriched with Leaves between each Seat. More to him for Carving the Six Vases with Thistles, Roses & two Boyes, Laurel & Palmes & other Ornaments in the Front & upon the Topp of the Kinges Seat with Drapery, Fruit, Flowers, Crootesses (?), Starres, Roses & several other ornaments . . . £1016.

The combination of this *chef-d'œuvre* of Gibbons's with the rich colouring of Verrio's walls and ceilings would have surpassed anything that exists to-day in the same *genre*. All such is the fallibility of taste, was swept away scarcely a hundred years ago.

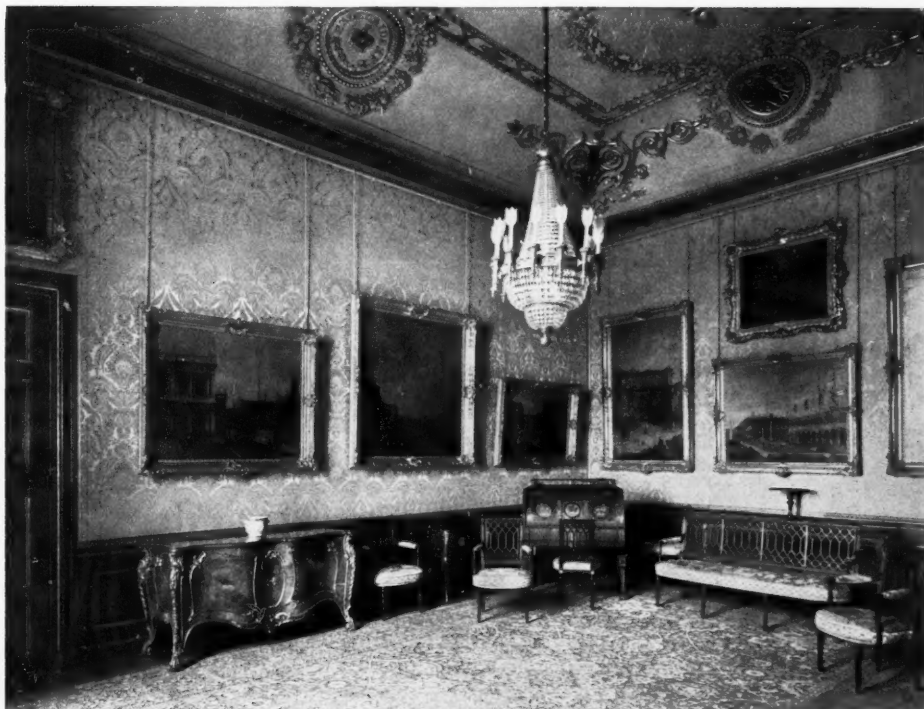
Fragments of Gibbons's carving from the chapel are to be found worked into the decoration of the Waterloo Chamber (Fig. 3). For example, the festoons of flowers and palm branches arranged round the two main entrances (Fig. 5) are probably survivors of those that divided the stalls, while the delicate panels in the gallery above, and over the smaller pictures (Fig. 4) seem to be fragments of the organ screen and of the south wall decoration shown by Pyne. All are pieced together with coarse oak lion masks and imitated Jacobean features. The Waterloo Chamber was redecorated by the Prince Consort and the architect Edward Blore, whose more successful exertions at Buckingham Palace are described in Mr. Clifford



Smith's forthcoming work, between 1860 and 1864, an event cryptically commemorated by the figures "P.C. 1861" on a cartouche. The colouring has recently been toned down so that attention is more easily focussed on the magnificent series of portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the Allied Leaders painted during the years 1814-20, partly in London, partly at Aix-la-Chapelle (where a special travelling studio was made for him), Vienna and Rome. In hopes, Emperors and victorious marshals Lawrence, the inn-keeper's prodigious son, found his ideal sitters, and this magnificent series of portraits appropriately commemorates the last European War in which England played any part. The portraits were presented by King George IV to the nation. The Waterloo Banquet is annually held here on June 18th.

The State Apartments were originally, and are still, bounded on the east by a large room running north from the side of St. George's Hall to the terrace. In May's plan it was the King's Guard Chamber, approached by an important staircase from Horn Court. This court must have presented a charming appearance before it was filled in with the Waterloo Chamber, since the sides of it were painted by Verrio. Wyattville converted the King's Guard Chamber into the Grand Reception Room (Fig. 8), decorated in the rococo style and containing some important pieces of English Regency furniture made for George IV, among them two elaborate ormolu and painted clocks formerly at the Royal Pavilion and now on the mantelpieces. On the walls are panels of Gobelin's tapestry representing the story of Jason, designed by de Troy, 1744-46. They were presented to King William IV by Charles X of France. This room is the one most nearly akin at Windsor to the magnificent rooms at Buckingham Palace, Mr. Clifford Smith's descriptions of which will shed important light upon the craftsmen engaged on the contemporary furniture in this room.

By way of the Throne Room we can reach the Rubens Room (Fig. 11), into which Wyattville converted the King's Withdrawing Room. With the exception of Van Dyck's St. Martin, seen on the right of the illustration, all the pictures are outstanding examples of Rubens's art, chief among them, perhaps, the great Summer and Winter landscapes: though experts disagree, as they do about anything great, whether they are actually by him. The furniture is, for the most part, French, almost every piece being important, and the clock an elegant clock by Lepaute.



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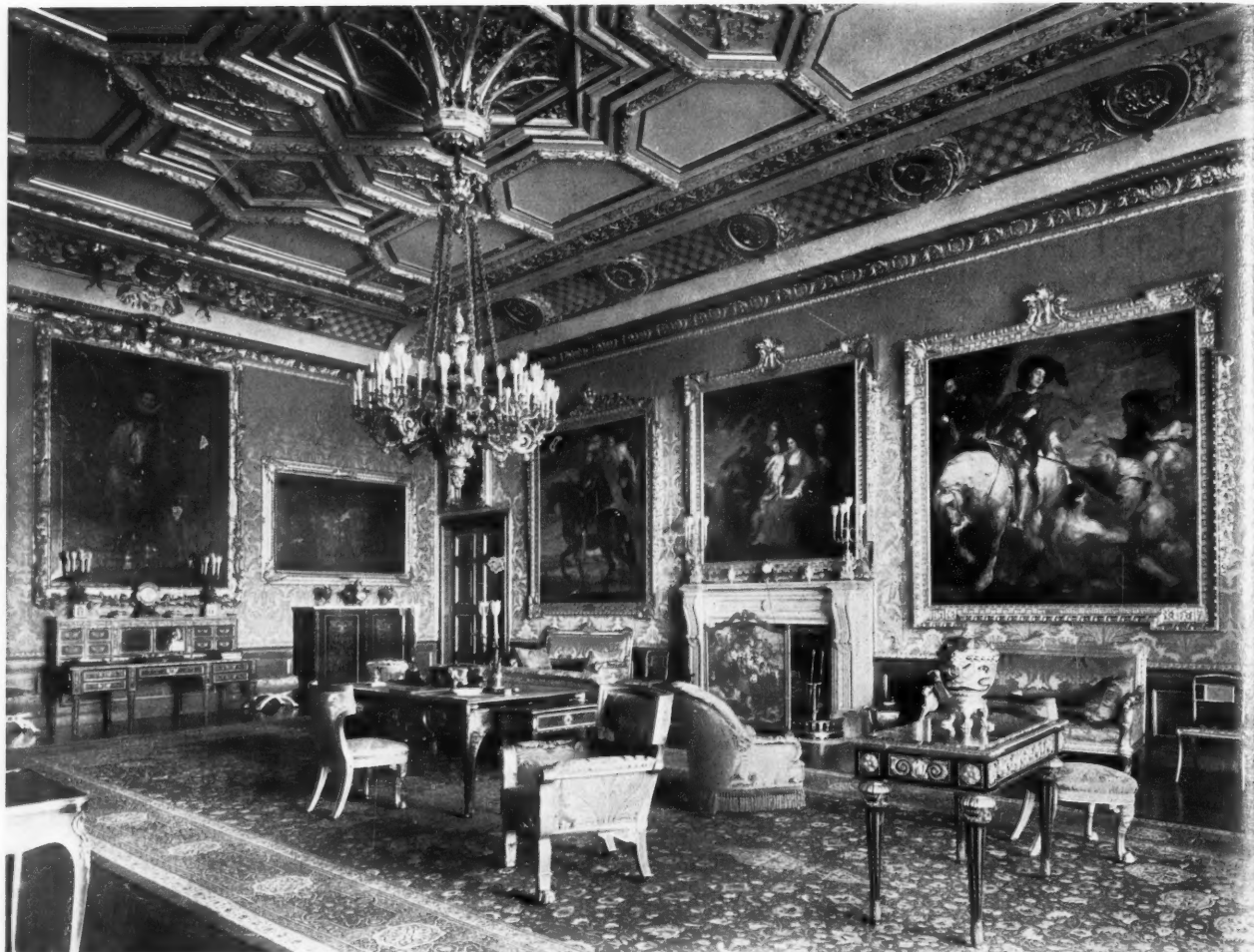
9.—THE QUEEN'S CLOSET, HUNG WITH CANALETTO'S. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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10.—THE STATE BEDCHAMBER.  
The great French bed, by Jacob.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

11.—THE RUBENS, OR KING'S WITHDRAWING, ROOM.

COUNTRY LIFE.

A gloom is cast over the room, however, by the massively traceried window formed by Wyattville at the north end of the room to give dignity to the King George IV Tower that he raised at this point—the angle of May's "Star Building."

Three small rooms occupy the centre of the north front of the former Star Building, that next the Rubens Room being known as the State Bed Chamber, formerly the King's Bed Chamber (Fig. 10). It contains a grandiose French bed supplied by Jacob. From a domed superstructure raised on ribs springing from posts surmounted by helmets hang curtains of green silk lined with white. Important furniture now at Buckingham Palace was also supplied by Jacob. On the walls are several tall Zuccarelli landscapes, among the best examples of his work in England.

Beyond the King's Closet, which contains two charming Longhis, is the Queen's Closet (Fig. 9), remarkable above all for the collection of Canaletto's paintings hung on its walls. There are sixty or so pictures by him at Windsor, thanks to King George III's appreciation of his work and of Consul Smith's assiduity. It is generally agreed that the best are hung in this room. The commode seen on the left of Fig. 9 is an English piece in mahogany and ormolu. The interesting mahogany set of chairs and settees was supplied by Jacob. The Picture Gallery, in the position occupied by the Queen's Bed Chamber, brings us round to the end of the Van Dyke Room, described in the first article. All of these rooms have their Charles II cornices, and in some cases the dado wainscot as well. But, as Verrio left them, they all had painted ceilings and wainscot walls. When Bickham visited them in 1746 they still contained their late seventeenth century furniture, but by Pyne's time much of that had been replaced by furniture of the late eighteenth century. Queen Mary has grouped what remains of the seventeenth century furniture in the three rooms that were preserved in their original condition.

The survival of these rooms proves that Wyattville was not actually prejudiced against Verrio's and Gibbons's *décor*, although the ghastly destruction referred to in this article might have lent colour to such a view. Since the State Apartments were not intended to be inhabited, as distinct from being used during the residence of the Court, a more sympathetic architect could almost certainly have contrived to preserve more of Charles II's

apartments. But not until comparatively recent times has appreciation for the tastes of the Restoration period been developed, and, much as we may deplore what George IV and his architect destroyed, it is only just to remember that no contemporary voice was raised in protest. On the contrary, their achievement in creating a castle so dramatically feudal met, and has continued to meet, with the fullest public approval. When we accept their romantic ideal we must admit that it would not have been realised with greater success, in view of the expenditure involved, at any other epoch. Windsor Castle as it is to-day is a monument to a King with great ideas and the will to accomplish them, whose architect proved himself worthy of the trust reposed on him, when all things are considered.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## WINTER SUNSET

What can a walled-in city do  
To fool a winter sunset?  
Though it huddle roof on roof  
With all its chimneys sturdily  
Standing up against the sky,  
All of that cannot deny  
The sky preceded city.

Only a place within his house  
And night descending speedily  
Can let a man for once forget  
Earth holds no place in ground or tree  
Where he can shelter naturally.

Iron grey and saffron red  
The sunset blazes overhead,  
Let man go inside and try  
To think no more of sun or sky,  
Let him think that towns and man  
Last longer than a sunset can.

DOROTHY TYLER



## NATIONAL HUNT RACING



W. A. Rouch.

"IT WOULD SURPASS THE APPEAL OF FLAT RACING."

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It is nothing short of wonderful that National Hunt racing stands up as it does against our poisonous winter climate. The thought is constantly occurring to me, and especially during my varied experiences, when one day I may have been shivering in driving cold rain and picking my way through a soggy paddock, or another day when, because of gloom and fog, it has been hard to pick out the last fence or hurdles and you have wondered how they have been able to race at all in safety.

Yet the enthusiasts of steeplechasing and hurdling continue to be enthusiastic and refuse to be daunted. But there is a greater public who must be influenced by weather conditions. They see no fun in paying rather heavily for a soaking and the possibility of a chill. Given a guarantee of decent weather, they would be there because they get so much more value for money in the way of a spectacle. You can run several sprint races on the flat in the time it takes to decide a three mile steeplechase, with gallant jumpers taking as they come to them plain fence, open ditch and fence, or water jump.

When, therefore, the weather is not harsh and forbidding, you will see crowds quite as big as the average during the flat-racing season. That is why I say there must be astonishing virility in good-class steeplechasing and hurdling. If only summer-like weather could be guaranteed, I really believe it would surpass the appeal of flat racing.

National Hunt racing should start from the beginning of November instead of at the end of that month. Alternatively, the Jockey Club should permit those racecourse executives in a position to do so to introduce some steeplechasing and hurdling into their programmes. This appears to be authorised at the Liverpool Spring and Autumn Meetings, the one held in March and the other in November. There is, therefore, a precedent, which, moreover, is the making of those two meetings. I know I find immense pleasure in the steeplechasing at Liverpool, apart altogether from the Grand National.

I have not had much to say about this new National Hunt season because I wanted it to shape itself and give some idea of how it might be doing. One was again reminded of its arch-enemy, our winter climate, by the loss of several days' racing last week. A year ago interruptions from fog, frost and snow were serious throughout December. All went fairly well this month until fog brought about the abandonment of the second half of the Nottingham meeting last week and the cancellation of the second half of a fixture arranged for Worcester, and Plumpton, which was to stage a one-day affair, had to go for the same reason. Prior to this, Sandown Park scraped through, though very much menaced on the first day.

Now, as to the good performances noted since the month began. Three which I witnessed interested me very much. They were the wins of the steeplechasers, Gib and Blaris, and of the hurdler, Prospice. All three were scored at Sandown Park, which, whatever we may think of its merits or demerits for flat-racing, is certainly the most popular racecourse in this country for National Hunt sport.

People who pay can get a good bird's-eye view of all that is taking place (fog permitting), and the spectacle pleases and satisfies. They pay to see on most other courses, and are not satisfied because of the absurd racecourse architecture of thirty and forty years ago and the ridiculously low levels of the enclosures.

It did not thrill merely because that good horse, Gib, won another steeplechase. What did thrill was to see him battle on to win by a short head from a horse named Ballasport that was receiving 2st. from him. Now that is a tremendous difference. It shows what a considerable margin there must be between the two horses, for 28lb. is a big lump to have on a horse's back in excess of what the other one is carrying, and over three miles, too, with many jumps to cross. Every time he rises at a jump he is lifting 28lb. more than the other fellow, and it is still there in the race away from the fence. It is still there towards the end of a tiring three-mile journey.



"SOMETHING BETTER IN THE WAY OF A SPECTACLE."

In the case of Gib at Sandown Park the distance was five furlongs over three miles. Gib used to belong to Lord Killeen (now Lord Fingall). He should be given credit of having "made" him and handed on the finished article when professional jockeys came to ride him. Percy Woodland trained him for Lord Fingall, and he trains him still for the partners, Mr. B. D. Davis and Mr. Albert Bendon, who gave £2,000 for him.

I think I have described him in these notes before, but it may bear brief repetition to mention that, though he stands about 17h., he is in no sense a massive horse. One might even call him inclined to be leggy. What I always notice about him when in action is his extraordinarily light action and his cleverness in getting into top speed on landing over his fences.

Blaris is a different type of 'chaser. He is not so big in actual stature, but there is more of him in substance; indeed, this individual, with his grand front, his sensible and intelligent head, and his round, powerful quarters right down to his hocks, is quite imposing. His ideal distance is two and a half miles over a park course where rapid jumping and speed are essential

attributes in the successful 'chaser. Blaris was at the very top of his form at the last Sandown Park Meeting, and I shall not soon forget the way he pulverised all his opponents.

The hurdlers I have noted this season are on the whole not up to what I should call the average. Prospice pleased all lovers of a good and honest horse when he won a handicap at Sandown Park with the big weight of 12st. 12lb. in the saddle. One, too, always loves a horse that may be said to have risen from the ranks as it were, that is to say, a horse that was once among the lowly selling platers and has risen by merit to win a handicap of some importance with such a hunting burden as 12st. 12lb. to carry.

Among the jockeys, Stott and Speck continue to ride more of the winners, but recently R. Lyall has been making a name for himself. He was Blaris's pilot the other day, and altogether is doing very well indeed. On the whole it may be said that the new National Hunt season has made a very fair start, bearing in mind how very expensive it is to race under these rules and with stakes less than under Jockey Club rules. PHILIPPOS.

## THE COUNTRY WORLD

IF it be true that Frank Freeman has definitely decided to retire from hunting the Pytchley Hounds at the end of this, his twenty-fifth, season with that distinguished pack, then it will be the more consoling for him and the more tantalising for his supporters if he succeeds in providing his usual standard of good sport during the next four months. At any rate, it is evident that the Pytchley Hounds themselves have lost none of their excellence, and in the course of a November which has undoubtedly been disappointing in most hunting countries, and especially in the Midlands, that pack is one of the few which seem to have been able to triumph over rough weather and a succession of bad scenting days.

FREEMAN'S talent is reflected from another direction, for despite these same handicaps, the Fitzwilliam (Milton) Hounds have also been showing sport well worthy of the traditions of such an old-established family pack. Their success, which was also a most welcome feature of last season, must be due in part, at any rate, to the efforts of Tom Agutter. This young huntsman, whose wonderful holloa has aroused the admiration of all the countries in which he has served, went to the Fitzwilliam a few years ago from the position of first whipper-in to Frank Freeman with the Pytchley. Undoubtedly he is now reaping the benefit of his service under such a capable huntsman, and he reminds us again that Freeman has not only shown wonderful sport for a quarter of a century to the *élite* of the Shires—in itself a prodigious feat—but has rendered untold services to the science of hunting the fox.

A LADY being shown over Britannia is reported to have asked her old skipper if the King's yacht was a racing or a cruising vessel. "Well, it's like this, mum," said Captain Carter. "You might say we're just a cruiser. But we're a racer when we puts this here flag up." And he indicated the Royal racing colours—the Prince of Wales feathers in white upon a field of red and blue. This flag the grand old boat has flown for nearly forty years. King Edward flew it when Prince of Wales in those early years of the 'nineties when the new Britannia beat the vaunted Americans, Vigilant and Navahoe. Since that sensational *début*—on the Clyde, where she was built, a crowd of 100,000 people watched the King's yacht beat the illustrious Vigilant by 33secs.—Britannia has been reconditioned many times, and it is probable that none of the original material remains. But none of these successive alterations was so drastic as the conversion, now to be undertaken, to the Bermuda-rig.

TO some, the orthodox rig of a cutter is more beautiful than the, perhaps, disproportionately tall, tapering, aerofoil shape of the new fashion. In Britannia the cutter (according to Dixon Kemp, "the most perfect rig invented by man") was seen very nearly at perfection. But the change is due, not so much to the supposed superiority of the immensely tall Bermuda-rig, as to the King's desire to make his "good old boat," as the seamen calls her, conform with the new rules, by which the big racing yachts of Great Britain and America are enabled to meet each other on terms of perfect equality. In the coming season the famous veteran will race against Shamrock V and other modern vessels without giving or receiving any sort of handicap.

IT is good to know that the King is taking to shooting again, having had two days last week in Windsor Great Park. This is the first time he has shot the coverts since his illness, which followed on a cold neglected simply because he refused to give up a shooting engagement. The King is using a pair of the new short guns, with 26in. barrels, by Purdey. His decision to make this change will go far towards settling the controversy that has arisen over short *versus* long barrels. He is so keen a shot, and so alive to all developments in the shooting world, no less than in the world at large, that His Majesty would probably have taken to short barrels last season if he had been shooting. After his enforced abstinence he must find the lightness of his new guns of great service in recovering his form—which is said to be as good as ever. Everybody who has tried the short

gun is delighted with its execution and the ease with which it is handled.

SIR ROBERT WITT'S retirement from his post as a trustee of the National Gallery is owing to the regulation that trustees hold office for terms of seven years. He has actually served for two terms, so that, greatly as his loss will be felt, it would be churlish to ask him to reconsider his decision. Of course, there is no question of his dropping his other services in the cause of art. Nothing can alter the fact that he is the mainspring of the National Art Collections Fund, of which he is one of the founders. And the invaluable reference collection of 400,000 photographs of pictures which he has formed in Portman Square will remain accessible to all students. This, and his unrivalled knowledge of pictures, will continue to be of inestimable service to the nation, even though he ceases to have an official position at Trafalgar Square.

ANOTHER impending loss to the National Gallery will be the resignation of Mr. W. G. Constable from the office of Assistant Director to take up his duties as the first professor of the newly founded Courtauld Institute of Art. A better choice could certainly not have been made, for Mr. Constable is not only a very able art scholar, but—as the book on *Early English Painters*, recently written by him and Mr. Collins Baker, shows—he has made English painting his special study. Moreover, his long association with Sir Charles Holmes, the ex-Director, is a guarantee to London University, which will be the scene of his future activities, that he has studied the technical aspects of art no less than the æsthetic and historic.

NOT many scholars wear their learning so lightly as the Provost of Eton. His hair-raising ghost stories must have been read by thousands who have no idea that the author is one of our greatest authorities on mediæval manuscripts. Early in the New Year he is giving the inaugural address to the Historical Association when it meets at Chester, and no one should be able to treat more entertainingly the subject which he has chosen, "The Bestiary, or Natural History in the Middle Ages." Unicorns, dragons, sirens, griffons and manticores provide rare game for an antiquary who is himself the creator of spooks and goblins.

THE KING'S Highland steer, whose portrait, taken last week at the Smithfield Club's Show at Islington, appears in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE, was actually bred on Islay by Mr. Hugh Morrison. The animal's picturesque qualities are obvious, but, unfortunately for the fine old race of British cattle to which he belongs, shagginess and picturesqueness are not the qualities that most commend themselves to "the meat trade," that organisation which, however unfriendly its designs may be towards the individual, is, at any rate, the firm friend of those breeds which command its favour. The meat trade requires, above all things, what are known as "early maturing propensities" in its little victims, and this particular Highlander, which was breed champion at Edinburgh and reserve champion at Islington, is actually over three years old. But if the lateness of "maturity" of the Highland breed is leading to its neglect in the "meat world," it is good to know that the King is doing so much for this fine race of cattle on his Sandringham farms.

IT has now been possible to see the new room at the National Gallery, presented by Sir Joseph Duveen, under the various conditions of a complete year. Generous as the gift was, and enterprising as was the experiments made in design and lighting, the room must be pronounced a failure. So far from the novel arrangement of the skylights having been an improvement on that in the older galleries, the light is cast vertically on the frames, so that, on any but the brightest day, it is impossible to see the pictures themselves. On a normal London day the room is dismal in the extreme. Experiments are being made in lighting the Venetian Room by electricity with a view to keeping the Gallery open after dark. This would be an enormous benefit, but it is to be hoped that something may also be done to correct the day time darkness of the new room.



# POETS OF THE RURAL SCENE

POEMS: 1914-1930, by Edmund Blunden. (Cobden-Sanderson, 10s. 6d.)

LAST POEMS, by John Freeman. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

HAZARDS, by Wilfrid Gibson. (Macmillan, 5s.)

COLLECTED POEMS, by Robert Frost. (Longmans, 15s.)

PLOUGHED EARTH, by Claude Collier Abbott. (Constable, 5s.)

**A**FTER reading Mr. Blunden's pleasant preface, it is not without some sense of apology that one heads with his name a list of "Poets of the Rural Scene." For it is natural and just that Mr. Blunden should lodge a protest against being regarded as "a useful rustic"—against our too-ready inclination to attach labels to poets and be done with it. In sixteen years of peace and war a man lives and feels and suffers much; Mr. Blunden has a right to ask us to remember that fact, and not to "skip those pages which are non-rural."

Not that there is any real need for him to ask it, for the lover of poetry is not likely to skip anything much in this volume that contains old, new and revised poems. Nevertheless, favourites remain favourites, and it is undeniable that the pinnacle of delight to which a poet may raise us—as a lark with its song raises our eyes until sight fails—is most often attained by Mr. Blunden in poems of the English scene. That ecstasy is recaptured by us every time we read "Almswomen," for instance, to its perfect closing line:

Some bell-like evening when the May's in bloom,

"The South-West Wind":

The black-plumed poplars swung  
Softly across the sky;  
The ivy sighed, the river sung,  
Woolpacks were wafting high.  
The moon her golden tinges flung  
On these she straight was lost among.

Far long ago the English scene "made a wild harp of a sauntering boy," a boy who, become a man, writes of Nature:

I loved her in my innocent contemplation,  
I felt before the need her consolation.

"Before the need": proof indeed of predilection, predestination.

The label attached to Mr. John Freeman is, of course, "trees."

And now, at ease,  
I bow my heart to you, tormentless trees,

was a mood frequent with him and evocative of many a lovely poem, image, line. But, as Mr. J. C. Squire says in a fine introduction, his lasting hold is likely to depend "on those parts of his poetry which are concerned with the eternal abstractions." If this were not true of him, he could never have written the sonnet "Rhymeless":

Poetry is the body given by strong  
Imagination to the waste of life,  
The wheel on which the perfect bowl is shaped  
To hold the ashes of forgotten folk;  
The shell that keeps a heavenly air unbroken,  
Words of a tongue that else had died unspoken.

His poetry, austere, closely packed both with thought and feeling, strong and subtle in craftsmanship, demands—and

repays—study; his is the sort of fame that needs time in which to gather momentum.

Between Mr. Wilfrid Gibson and Mr. Robert Frost there is so clear an affinity that it is no surprise to find the former dedicating his book to the latter or writing a poem to him. It is Mr. Gibson who writes:

Beware the pedestal; and keep your feet  
Familiar with the common earth.

But Mr. Frost's work is conceived in the same spirit: the spirit (though again the words are Mr. Gibson's)—

Of the unutterable opulence  
And unimaginable magnificence  
Of every day.

Mr. Gibson's scene is primarily the human scene, though incidentally it is often rural, too. And his gift, in any scene, is for the brief, sharp illumination of lightning.

A blackbird in the walnut, spilling crystal—  
Clear drops of melody through unfledged branches

is as vivid as "The Silence":

Two minutes, and a gun  
To tell his mother when she's got to start  
Remembering her son!

Mr. Frost's rural scene is, of course, American, and the touch of strangeness in it adds to the charm, as in "Stars":

How countlessly they congregate  
O'er our tumultuous snow,  
Which flows in shapes as tall as trees . . .

But no strangeness is necessary to it, either, as "A Prayer in Spring" testifies:

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,  
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;  
And make us happy in the happy bees,  
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

Skilled workmanship is in such tiny poems as "Dust of Snow" and "Fire and Ice." It is equally marked in longer, colloquial poems such as "Mending Wall" and "Death of the Hired Man." A breadth and richness, both of human and poetic nature, pervades this lovable book.

Mr. Claude Collier Abbott has the power, given only to poets, to recapture his childhood:

And folded into friendly arms  
I am again a truant boy  
Hidden deep in the mowing grass,  
Lost in this green and lovely joy.

His poems "Laban's Shop" and "A Portrait" are like a March hedge, alive with touch after touch of life's spring. But he is a true countryman, aware of the grim grey as well as of the green of rural existences; and such poems as "A Farmer Speaks" and "Family Group" are sharp with actuality.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**Forrard-on!** by Rancher. Plates by Lionel Edwards. (COUNTRY LIFE, 21s.; edition de luxe, 200 signed copies, £3 3s.)

THIS volume, broad paged and admirably produced, has the real poetry of hunting and horsemanship written in twenty-two poems by a man who knows; by a man, that is to say, who is, patently, both poet and



"ALOOF HE SITS TO VIEW OUR FOX A-STEALING FROM THE GORSE."

From "Forrard-on!"

horseman. There are sixteen drawing-paper illustrations by Mr. Lionel Edwards. "Aloof he sits," "Lor' what's come over 'em?" "Make the most of it, Michael John, we've just been born in time"—in every picture the artist shows us the actualities of hunting. In every plate there is some distinctive note, some memorable picture of a huntsman at a check, of a galloping horseman, a tugging pony, an old horse in his "hovel," out at grass. There has for long—for too long—been a notion that "true poetry" is not a "vehicle" for our national sport. Accepting from Coleridge a challenging definition of "true" poetry, we may confidently say that *Forward-on!* completely and finally refutes that suggestion. To quote is to destroy a pleasure of personal discovery, but read "There's a Man," to stir the blood; "Time of Your Life," for a call to Young Entry; "Overseas," "Best Irish" and "On!" In every poem is a music of the real thing, such as will awaken memory, laughter and comradeship . . . and such as will tug at the heart strings of exiles. Of the (only three) non-hunting and horsemanship poems, "The Pool," with its "great trout," is a sonnet of rare beauty; "Natives" has a deeper note, profoundly moving; "Mark 'Cock!" holds all the autumn loveliness and a glimpse of beaters "tap-tapping." You may read, I think, the whole of the hunting poetry without finding a virility, a realisation of the crises, the thrill, and the meaning of the sport to match that of this book.

CRASCEDO.

### Detective Fiction for the Holidays.

Holiday reading for half the busy men and women in the world means, nowadays, detective fiction. What could be better than a bright fire, a comfortable chair and such a compilation as the omnibus volume containing four detective stories by J. J. Connington (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.)—the stories being "The Two Tickets Puzzle," "The Case with 9 Solutions," "Nemesis at Raynham Parva" and "The Mystery of Lynden Sands." Then, of course, there is the ubiquitous Edgar Wallace with *The Lady of Ascot* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); and that excellent writer, Miss I. R. G. Hart, whose *Facets* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) answers for its readers the poignant question why should Mrs. Nott refuse to have her famous paintings exhibited? *The Mystery of Angel's End*, by John Chancellor (John Long, 7s. 6d.), is quite a good tale, in which a girl returns from abroad to find herself supposed to be dead, and a strange young man installed in her flat.

Most detective stories begin with the discovery of a dead body, the remainder of the book solves the problem, how it became dead? In the old detective stories it was usually found in the library, but our authors are far more original to-day, and bodies are discovered in quite

the least likely places. Curiously enough, two authors—Mr. Leonard Hollingworth and Mr. Brian Flynn—have hit on the same initial idea—the former's book is *The Body on the Bus* (Murray, 7s. 6d.), and the latter's *Murder en Route* (John Long, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Hollingworth's is a distinctly readable yarn, and Mr. Flynn will entertain every one who has no objection to a slightly Transatlantic flavour. Mr. Victor Whitechurch, whose *Murder at the Pageant* (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is the recommendation of the "Crime Club" for December, finds his corpse at dead of night, murdered in an old sedan chair. Mr. A. Fielding, in *The Wedding Chest Mystery* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), gets a selection of his characters to open a wonderful Chinese chest which has just arrived at Mr. Armstrong's house, only to find Mr. Armstrong dead inside it! In *The French Powder Mystery*, by Ellery Queen (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), at a furniture store in Fifth Avenue a concealed bed is let down to exhibit its excellence, and a lady's corpse obligingly falls out of it. Comparatively tame is the discovery of two dead bodies on succeeding days in *The Pavilion by the Lake* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), which is Mr. Arthur Rees' latest mystery story. It has three strands of mystery cleverly interwoven. In Mr. Tyline Perry's *The Owner Lies Dead* (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), the situation is extremely complicated. A man goes down a mine in an attempt to rescue some entombed workers—he does not return, his death is assumed. The mine is closed—when it is opened again his dead body with a bullet, fired from the back, in his heart is found at the foot of the shaft.

Bertram Atkey, in *The House of Strange Victims* (Appleton, 7s. 6d.), gives the gruesome history of Sir Morgan Greare, the great surgeon, and his weird power over his patients. Miss Nell St. John Montague, who is well known as a clairvoyante, gives us *The Poison Trail* (Long, 7s. 6d.), which is distinctly a thrilling creation. A sea-coast setting adds variety and freshness to *The Lighthouse Mystery* (Skeffington, 7s. 6d.), by Gordon Volk. The opening scenes of *Somerton's Folly* (Long, 7s. 6d.), by Keble Butler, are in that county of Herefordshire which Mr. Masfield praised so highly a few weeks ago as one of the most untouched and beautiful parts of our country, and passes over into the Faubourg St. Antoine. As the hero's adventures take place on a motor tour, they will have the appeal of something likely to happen to many of us.

### A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

THE JAMESON RAID, by Colonel H. Marshall Hole, c.m.g. (Philip Allan, 15s.); ENGLISH WINDMILLS—I, by M. I. Batten (Architectural Press, 5s. 6d.); A LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON, by E. H. W. Meyerstein (Ingpen and Grant, 3s.); FICTION.—DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY, by E. M. Delafield (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.); BITTER TEA, by Grace Zaring Stone (Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.).

## AN ANTHOLOGY OF BAD SHOTS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS has just produced an anthology of the worst poetry, those lines, sometimes written by very eminent hands, possessing an element of flatness only to be called divine. It thereupon occurred to me to make, in miniature, an anthology of the worst shots ever seen at golf.

Such a work must have the strictest limitations. The twenty-four handicap player is not qualified. He would contribute every day and on every course. Into this anthology of mine I would only admit the bad shots of good players, and it is not enough that they should be merely bad; the greatest of men can top a drive or fluff a pitch into a bunker. The shots I am thinking of must have some rare quality of villainy, in that they are played in particular circumstances making them particularly disastrous. They need not even be bad in regard to the way in which the ball is struck, but the results must be ghastly and appalling. I should add that I believe myself to be qualified on account of a certain nineteenth hole at Hoylake (it is in all the books) when I put so many balls out of bounds that I had to stop for lack of ammunition. It is a stale old story and I only mention it to disarm criticism. If I throw some stones at my friends, I want to save them the trouble of saying that I live in a glass house.

Now, having got rid of myself, to business and to far more distinguished persons. I imagine that one single hole, the seventeenth at St. Andrews, would furnish a whole book of these calamitous mistakes. Everybody has made them. Only last summer I was playing with a young gentleman there and he expressed horror and surprise when he gently but firmly steered his ball, with his putter, into the Road bunker. I am afraid I answered him much as W. G. answered the man who said he had never made a duck—"Then you can't have played much cricket. You go in last." Of all the instances that come into my mind, the one that makes me cover my face with my hands and groan dismally is the shot that Mr. Hilton played at that hole in his match against the American, Mr. Heinrich Schmidt. He, when he seemed certain to make himself dormy one, took his aluminium putter, and the ball, describing an elegant curve round the bank, went slap into that bunker. He did not lose the hole, he halved it, and he won the match at the nineteenth; so, as far as results go, perhaps his stroke does not strictly deserve a place, but I think it must have one for the horror and consternation it caused at the moment.

Next I am determined to include two strokes of no great fame but of humorously disastrous consequences. Both

are concerned with stone walls, which should, perhaps, not exist on golf courses. One was played to the third hole at Prestwick, when the wall, now vanished, was immediately behind the green. It was in a championship match between two very good northern golfers, Mr. H. B. McCarthy and Mr. G. F. Smith. Mr. McCarthy had a pitch to play to the green, and he shrewdly surmised that the way to avoid all the difficult bumps was to pitch well on to the green, so that the ball should come bounding back to the pin off the back wall. He struck his ball rather too vigorous a blow and it had an unfortunate fall; instead of hitting the wall, it cleared it at the first bound and ended far away on the other side. His opponent gazed spellbound for a minute and then collapsed with apologetic laughter. He was, on the whole, I think, justified.

My other wall story belongs to the sixteenth hole at North Berwick, where, ages ago, the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society were playing a match against Tantallon. Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Norman Hunter, who had, I believe, never lost a foursome, were playing Mr. John Low and Mr. Beveridge. They seemed quite certain to lose this one, for they stood two down with three to play, and Mr. Hunter topped his drive into sandy, broken country under the wall. Mr. Beveridge then hit what was very nearly, but not quite, as magnificent a shot as could be conceived. The ball sailed away with supreme dominion, but, having a whole parish to play into, he had played for his usual hook, and the hook for once did not materialise, so that the ball finished in an out of bounds area on the right. Mr. Low had, by the rule, to drop on the tee; he dropped it into a sandy hole, and he, too, topped under the wall. That hole was lost, and so were the next two and the match. There never was—in the abstract—a better shot than Mr. Beveridge's, but, in the concrete, there never was a much worse one.

I wish I could remember some really atrocious effort on the part of Mr. Bobby Jones or Harry Vardon, but I cannot, though, no doubt, they could supply instances themselves. Taylor and Braid I think I can with an effort squeeze into my list, though in neither case were the results what they might have been. Taylor at Hoylake in 1913 had had the fiercest struggle to qualify, but he seemed to be at last in the haven, when he only needed a five at the home hole and had hit a fine drive. Then—goodness knows why, save that all men are mortal—he tamely put his pitch into the cross-bunker before the green. I saw him do it and still shudder at the recollection. He had to hole a very good putt indeed to get his five, and he won that championship by countless strokes; but suppose



he had not holed the putt! No amount of exclamation marks could then have done justice to that pitch any more than they could to a certain shot played by Braid when he won one of his championships at St. Andrews. He had the championship in his pocket, he had already visited and extricated himself from the railway at the fifteenth, and now he had driven into "Deacon Simie," that magnetic little beast of a bunker that lies lurking straight beyond the Principal's Nose. He could easily afford a five, but he went for the green, got into the railway again and found his ball wedged against the rails. Well, well, he is a wonderful man, he got a six and he won the Championship, but just think if he had not! If we humble ones committed crimes so black, how the revengeful Fates would dance upon our corpses.

Talking of St. Andrews, I once saw a large and illustrious person playing a nineteenth hole there in an Amateur Championship. By unmerited good fortune his second had stopped short—not more than six feet short—of the burn, and he put the next one straight in, in front of his eminent nose. He is so very large and formidable that really I dare not reveal his

name, but my readers may try to guess it; the stroke, even as an anonymous one, deserves its place in the most select anthology.

For the same reason—the vast size of the delinquent—I will not name the gentleman who, with three for the match at the nineteenth hole, knocked the ball backwards and lost the match at the twentieth. And, indeed, I scarcely think that putts ought to have any place in this collection. Anybody can miss any putt: and who shall have the heart or the impudence to throw a stone at him. I think I know the most tragically short one I ever saw missed, namely, one that Mr. Jack Graham had at Hoylake in 1898 to halve his match with Mr. F. G. Tait. I saw the caddies practising it dismally afterwards, and they made it well under a foot; but it was probably longer. Nobody standing in the crowd has any right to estimate the length of a short putt missed. That is one thing I have learnt in much watching, so that I always try to add on enough inches to be, if anything, on the charitable side. Perhaps this is not a very charitable article, but malice must break through now and then.

## FURNITURE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

THE furniture that has hitherto been described is all in the State Apartments. In this article, however, several important pieces of Georgian furniture from the Royal Apartments in the new buildings are illustrated, besides eighteenth century and other pieces in the Charles II rooms. In the Crimson Drawing Room is a set of four exceptionally

fine mirrors (Fig. 1) In his book on the Windsor furniture Sir Guy Laking states that they were originally at Kensington Palace, were then moved to Buckingham Palace—that is, to the "Queen's House," as it was called when Queen Charlotte took up her residence in old Buckingham House in 1762—and were brought to Windsor in 1902. Kensington was the residence of



1.—CARVED AND GILT MIRROR, ONE OF A SET OF FOUR. 5ft. 5ins. by 3ft. 11ins. STYLE OF CHIPPENDALE. Circa 1755. ORIGINALLY AT KENSINGTON PALACE.



2.—SIDE TABLE, CARVED AND GILT, THE TOP MISSING. ONE OF A PAIR MADE FOR KENSINGTON PALACE. *Circa 1725. STYLE OF WILLIAM KENT.*

George II and Queen Caroline, but was deserted by George III on his accession, so that the mirrors can be dated between 1750 and 1760. Laking boldly attributed the mirrors to Chippendale. The Kensington Accounts, which might confirm his ascription, unfortunately contain very meagre references to furniture during the latter part of George II's reign. In view of the additional light that has been shed in recent years upon Chippendale's rivals and assistants, such as Lock and Copeland, a definite ascription to the great man himself has become a more hazardous proposition than it was in Laking's time. The mirrors, however, are

undeniably of the finest quality, their rococo carving crisply rendered and the agitated storks very typical of designs (now believed to be by Lock and Copeland) published in Chippendale's *Director*.

The carved and gilt wood side table, of which dolphins and a female mask compose the decoration (Fig. 2), is one of a pair shown by Pyne in Queen Caroline's Drawing Room at Kensington. William Kent was responsible for the internal decoration of the palace for George I and George II, painting the ceilings and, no doubt, designing some of the principal pieces of furniture. These

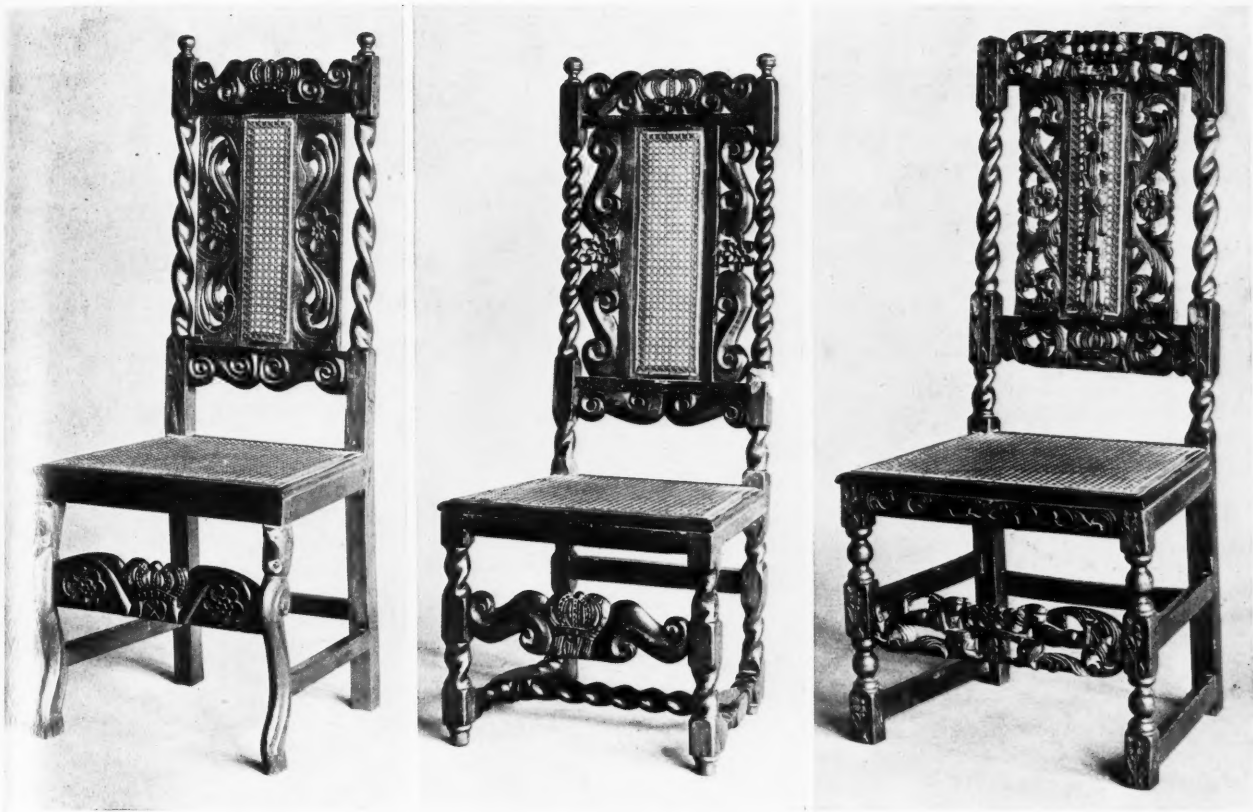


3.—JAPANESE LACQUER CABINET ON STAND OF MAROTESQUE DESIGN. *Circa 1695.*



4.—ITALIAN INLAID CABINET, SIXTEENTH CENTURY THE STAND MUCH LATER.





5, 6 and 7.—WALNUT CHAIRS. Circa 1670.

ties are similar in style to several at Houghton, particularly in respect of the canting of the legs at an angle. During the decade 1720-30, when Kent was the arbiter of fashion, the changes were ingeniously rung on sphinxes, gryphons, dolphins and eagles as supporters of the massive consoles and side tables then in vogue, and there can be little doubt that he is responsible for the design of these pieces.

The cabinet (Fig. 3) is a good example of Japanese lacquer, the front decorated in the archaic Chinese manner, the sides in the coarser *taka-makiyé*—raised gold sprays of flowers, with borders of coarse aventurine lacquer. Below the cabinet proper is an extension in the form of a base, which effectively raises the cabinet off the stand. The hinges and lock scutcheons are of copper gilt. None of the best work of the Imperial factories was permitted to be exported out of Japan, but this is an unusually good example of the type of cabinet made for the foreign market. The carved and gilt wooden stand dates from circa 1695, when the influence of Daniel Marot was at its height. Both the Dutch connections of the Court and the number of French refugee craftsmen in England were factors in popularising Marot's work. John Pelletier, between 1690 and 1700, supplied many carved and gilt stands and frames to the Royal palaces, and this may well be an example of his work.

It is a far cry from this Japanese cabinet to the cinquecento Italian cabinet illustrated in Fig. 4, the carcass of which is inlaid with ebony, ivory and stained woods. Yet in this again the ornament is Eastern in derivation, cartouches of German "strapwork" being threaded around with delicate curving sprays issuing from vases and peopled by birds, the prototypes of which are to be

found in Persian art. The mahogany stand is, of course, of early nineteenth century English construction, the designer having endeavoured to unite in it the vaguely classic and Gothic characteristics of the cabinet.

The three walnut chairs illustrated in Figs. 5, 6 and 7 are interesting for their obviously early date after the Restoration. In each we see the spiral uprights typical of the Commonwealth retained to a greater or less degree, while in two of them the decoration derives from the *genre auriculaire*—that peculiar plastic and flowing type of scrollwork which the silversmith Christian Vianen introduced into England in Charles I's reign. In

Figs. 5 and 6, the carving of which is of a very homely nature, the Royal crown is prominently displayed. The third example has lost its knob feet and the finials of the back, while the cresting of the back has also been cut square at some time. On that, and on the front stretcher, a ducal coronet is carved, while a Royal crown appears at the base of the back—a combination that suggests that the chair was made for the Duke of York's lodging. The carved splat fixed over the cane filling of the back looks like a fragment inserted later.

In the Grand Vestibule are four ivory armchairs with carved seats, and elbows terminating in tigers' heads, richly pencil gilt. They belonged to Tippoo Sultan, for whom they were probably made towards the close of the eighteenth century in imitation of an English pattern. After his death in the storming of Seringapatam in 1799 they were presented to King George III. Near them is the gold-plated and minutely embossed throne of the King of Candy, similarly the spoil of the Indian wars, and used by George IV as his throne at Windsor.



8.—INDIAN CHAIR OF PAINTED IVORY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## "JUMPING THE DINNER-TABLE."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Alfred Cochrane's letter about the dinner-table jumping by Mr. James Allgood of B.N.C. I think the feat has been done since (in India, if I remember rightly, but not without some damage to the glass!).

I recollect, in my salad days in the 13th Hussars, we got some polo ponies into the mess and ante-rooms at Colchester and jumped them over chairs and sofas. The mess table was very valuable and was considered sacred. I also remember rather surprising my brother-officers by jumping my pony over a sofa, for I was neither a good nor a fearless horseman. Possibly it was a case of "inspiring bold John Barleycorn." Alas! I fear almost all those who took part in this escapade have long since joined the great majority.

I knew Jimmy Allgood, as he was affectionately termed in Northumberland, fairly well nearly fifty years ago, and used to meet him both shooting and hunting. He was always perfectly turned out in subfusc kit and had a lovely seat and hands.

Owing to his sporting proclivities he was immensely popular in the county, and if he came to preach at any church away from his own parish at Ingram, the building was full to overflowing.

I remember that he amused my father when they were at a shoot where most of the game consisted of rabbits, with an occasional pheasant thrown in, by saying that he liked rabbit shooting, as the bunnies entered into the spirit of the thing and seemed to enjoy it!

—GEORGE NOBLE.

## A FEARFUL FUNGUS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It does not often happen that a humble lover of nature comes across a rarity in plant life; but luck attends the unlucky just now and again, and it was my fortune the other day to come across a most perfect specimen of that extremely rare fungus, *Clathrus cancellatus*.

I was visiting at a house in Rustington, Sussex, when I was told that a most vile and repulsive thing had been found in the garden, odious beyond words, and I forthwith set out to investigate. Truly no words could describe the smell of it. Mr. Worthington G. Smith in 1867 described it as "positively fearful, and comparable to nothing in nature," and he was right; it is no rose, but in colour and form there is much to admire.

The development of this fungus is so rapid, and the smell so appalling, that conveyance is almost impossible, and perhaps on the latter account it is just as well that it is seldom met with. Indeed, we are told that, when found in the Pyrenees, where it is more or less common, it is at once covered over and buried, lest anyone should come in contact with it, the populace believing that it is capable of producing cancer.

It would be interesting to know if any readers of COUNTRY LIFE have come across this fungus of late.—W. FENN.



EIDER TAKING TO THE WATER.



"WHEN GREEKS JOINED GREEKS."

## A TUG-OF-WAR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A stoat, having been bolted by a ferret from a hole in the bank by the pond, was caught by one of the Sealyham terriers. The other terrier came on the scene, and a tug-of-war ensued, which lasted long enough for me to fetch my camera and snap the contest before the stoat finally came in half.—D. FANSHAWE.

## INSEPARABLES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I saw in your issue of October 18th a snapshot of a cat and dog embracing, given



"THE LAMB WAS SURE TO GO."

as a curious instance of companionship among animals. I enclose another instance which may interest your readers.

The lamb was left in the market, and was brought to the cricket field where a very old white pony lives and does the work required. The lamb attached itself to the pony and never left it. When the pony was rolling or mowing the ground the lamb went up

and down, up and down close to the pony's side all day long.—THOMAS PERRENS.

## STARLINGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Several times during the last few weeks I have happened to walk through Trafalgar Square at dusk, and on each occasion I have noticed a flock of several hundred starlings settling down to roost on the spire of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It is, of course, a well known fact that starlings collect in large flocks during the autumn months, but I cannot recall ever having seen them before roosting on a building in such large numbers. My experience is that the largest flocks are to be found near the sea-coast or tidal water. During the daytime, in hard weather, they feed on the shore, particularly in reed-beds which are flooded at high water, while in the evening they fly inland to roost. I remember, before the War, that in East Perthshire we had a plague of starlings which used to roost every night many thousands strong in a big clump of old laurels, and in the daytime flew down to the estuary of the Tay, about four miles away at its nearest point. Every effort to get rid of them was useless, and in the end we had to grub out the laurels, when they left at once.

It would be interesting to find out where the flock of starlings feed in the daytime, for, although comparatively small, they must number at least three or four hundred. If they have to fly some distance down-river in order to get feeding, it seems strange why they should pick on this particular building instead of some suitable roosting ground in the east of London. Perhaps some reader could give further information on this point.—E. H. M. COX.

## IN PURSUIT OF DIVING DUCKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—To those wildfowlers whose haunts are on the east coast estuaries of England and the south, the eider duck is an unknown quantity. Only in the north do we find him in his thousands. On a small estuary on the east coast of Scotland only a mile or so wide many thousands spend the winter.

One stormy night in December we set out for the coast. The wind was blowing hard from the north-west, and snow clouds were scudding across the sky and every now and then a shower of snow fell. A two-mile walk took us well out on the sands and on to a sand bar which ran out into the estuary, only covered by very high springs. On the highest point of sand we dug ourselves pits, just big enough to crouch in unseen. The pits have to be carefully prepared outside, so as to blend with the surroundings, and the sides smoothed and sloping so as not to show up as dark objects. The tide was flowing and we were between the eiders and the muskrat beds where they would come to feed.

Presently a few waders began flying up the water's edge, seeking shelter in a bay farther up the river, a sign that the outer sand banks were being covered. Then some ducks came in from the open sea and gave some good shooting for nearly half an hour. Meanwhile the eider had drifted nearer us, and we could see a few flapping and fidgeting as if they were preparing to move. Soon after this the first few of the leading pack "took off" and came flying up the river to feed. These went wide, but what matter, there were hundreds more to come yet. On they came in a steady stream, the drakes showing a vivid white against the storm clouds. Every now



and again one little pack would come within shot, and several times passed on with depleted ranks. So it went on, a steady stream of eiders for nearly an hour. How many there were is an estimation best left to the reader's own imagination, but it must surely be in thousands. The speed with which they fly is extraordinary for such cumbersome birds, but makes the shooting both difficult and good, and it was with a sense of great satisfaction that we trudged home with game bags bulging.—FOWLER.

#### WOMEN'S RIDING DRESS A CENTURY AGO.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sometimes tempted to wonder if the horsewoman of to-day is fully appreciative of her good fortune in living now and not a hundred years ago. When 1831 opened, feminine dress for all occasions had reached a degree of ugliness and inconvenience that has rarely, if ever, been exceeded, and that specially imposed by fashion on those who ventured to go a-riding was so unpractical and absurd that it saved a great deal for the strength of mind—and body—of our foremothers that they rode at all, much less hunted, as some of them did. The habit of the eighteen-thirties was made of heavy cloth—it might be Lincoln green, Aulde blue, scarlet or purple—and of the fronts of both bodice and skirt were more or less lavishly beaded. The skirt was enormously wide, its folds being pleated closely into a waistband, and so long as to come within a few inches of the ground when the wearer was in the saddle. The weight of such a skirt must have been enormous when soaked with rain, and in the event of a fall must have materially added to the risk of being dragged, although the old-fashioned "slipper" stirrup probably reduced the danger of this to a minimum. The habit bodice was cut on the lines of the contemporary dress bodice; it was extremely tight, very stiffly boned and had enormous balloon sleeves. It was, as a rule, more or less open at the neck to show an entirely incongruous chemisette of white muslin and lace finished off by a jaunty but inappropriate ribbon bow with long ends. On her head the horsewoman usually wore a beaver "topper" swathed in a voluminous gauze veil, the lengthy floating folds of which must have been a real danger to the wearer in windy weather by blowing over her eyes. Some riders, however, substituted a comical copy of a Lancer's cap, worn on one side, for the tall hat; while others, again, affected a picturesque style of headgear with broad brim and sweeping plumes.

Riding breeches for women were unheard of at that date, but trousers of chamois leather above the knee and black cloth below were generally worn, but it was considered decorous to don a smart white embroidered petticoat over the trousers, so that the latter were discreetly concealed when their wearer dismounted and had to hold up her trailing habit to enable her to walk! French kid gloves, usually white or yellow, soft kid boots of the ordinary walking



GOING FOR A RIDE IN 1830.

type, with paper-thin soles, under which the trousers were strapped with patent leather straps; and the slenderest and most unbusiness-like of whips with gold or silver mounts, often set with precious stones, completed the equipment.—R. E. HEAD.

#### "THE MORTAL MAN."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I observe in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE, which I see here in Ottawa, that reference is made to an old inn, with lines relating to an old gate.

Some fifty years ago there was an inn named "The Hanging Gate," situate by the roadside between Littleborough and the Yorkshire border, with the same lines, save that the word "refresh" was properly spelt. I personally "refreshed there, paid, and travelled on."

There used to be another inn, some distance away from the last named, called "The Mortal Man," with these lines:

"Oh Mortal Man who lives on bread,  
What is it makes thy face so red?  
Thou silly ass, who looks so pale,  
It is with drinking Birkett's ale."

WILLIAM BANKS.

#### SPANISH FISHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs of scenes which are constantly met with on the southern coast of Spain. The sea which washes the coast between Gibraltar and Malaga teems with fish. This is not to be wondered at when one remembers that but a few miles distant

lies the coast of Morocco, visible on clear days, and that from here is brought, every two years, the water for the London aquarium.

A flourishing trade is carried on. Within a short distance of the shore the huge nets are cast. When the time comes to draw them in the men gather on the beach, with short ropes tipped with cork discs, which they sling round the main rope. They sing as they pull and strain at the heavy burden, and often a couple of hours elapse before the catch is finally landed, a dancing, leaping mass of silver. Meanwhile, the fish vendors have gathered and are standing round, some with patient little donkeys carrying panniers, others with the flat baskets seen in the photograph.

In Malaga itself the cry of these vendors of small fish—"Bocaiones, chanquetas"—was constantly heard as they sped barefoot along the streets, balancing their baskets with their elbows. Now it is heard less and less, and doubtless these picturesque figures will soon have disappeared.—C. MORAN.

#### THE OTTER AS RATCATCHER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few years ago, while living in the south of England, I was acquainted with a gamekeeper who owned a tame otter. The animal had been secured when a cub, and was as tame and playful as a dog, coming at once in response to its owner's whistle, and gambolling around his legs in evident delight, particularly when anticipating a reward in the form of fish.

This otter often was taken to a deep stream, where it excelled in the art of capturing fishes, which it had been trained to surrender to its owner. In like manner, I believe, are otters and cormorants employed in some parts of the Orient. I have seen this particular otter capture as many as a dozen handsome bream in the course of a single morning.

In addition to supplying the gamekeeper with fish, the otter rendered excellent service by catching rats. I had often read that otters prey upon rats, water-voles and certain other small mammals, in addition to fishes; but never before had I met with first-hand evidence in confirmation of this statement. In this instance the otter showed remarkable skill as a rat-catcher. At dusk it would lurk near the rodents' holes and seize the occupants as they emerged. The gamekeeper told me that his interesting charge showed especial eagerness for the rat-hunt when somewhat hungry. Accordingly, he sometimes reduced its rations; but he always made up for the deficiency later by giving the animal a liberal supply of fish.

Probably, the otter in a wild state, although regarded all too generally as a destructive enemy of valuable fishes, contributes its share towards that universal desideratum, the extermination of the brown rat. I might mention that an Army friend tells me about a pet otter he once possessed in India which regularly hunted rats in barracks, and was exceedingly popular among the men in consequence.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORX.



DRAWING IN THE NETS.



WHO'LL BUY?

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# THE YEAR ENDING BRISKLY

**N**OT only has the number of private sales shown a sustained activity throughout this month, but news is forthcoming of some large sales in the New Year. The pressure of taxation and uncertainty as to projected legislation are assigned as the reason why one important Welsh estate has been put into the market.

The freehold of Garrett House, St. James's, a Georgian house, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to a client of Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor.

The freehold Georgian house, No. 104, Cheyne Walk, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in the New Year; also Gayfere House, Smith Square, Westminster, a modern freehold.

### TWITTS GHYLL: AUCTION FIXED.

**SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S** Mayfield house, Twitts Ghyll, a sixteenth century house, is to be submitted to auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley on January 8th. Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain have held it about ten years. Great thought and skill have been given to, and much money expended in, alterations, and Twitts Ghyll now combines the dignity and beauty of Tudor days with modern comforts. Striking features are the Tudor archway to the sitting-room, the king-posts, and panels of original wattle and daub. The property extends to 0.8 acres.

For the executors of the late Adèle, Lady Meyer, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold the Village Hall and other property in Newport, Essex.

Jointly, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have sold Sandford Park, Sandford St. Martin, Oxfordshire, an old Georgian mansion with park of 100 acres, including a farmery and a chain of miniature lakes which at one time formed the monks' fishery at Barton Abbey. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. acted on behalf of the purchaser.

### 1,570 ACRES IN DEVON SOLD.

**HARDLY** is the ink dry on Messrs. Harrods' announcement of the transfer of 3,100 acres of Sussex land when they send us a notification of the sale effected by them of 1,570 acres of South Devon land, the estate of Lukesland, at Ivybridge, embracing the mansion and a long stretch of trout fishing in the Erme. Messrs. Harrods have acted in regard to Little Park Hill, Bletchingley, sold to Sir Alan Cobham; and their recent transactions amount to over a quarter of a million sterling. They have sold Walton Lodge, Banstead, offered early this month at their Brompton Road Estate Rooms, with up to 15 acres, by order of Major V. P. Misa; Rickling House and 24 acres at Quendon (jointly with Messrs. Lofts and Warner); and Paulerspury House, a hunting-box near Towcester.

Messrs. Brackett and Sons have bought from a client of Messrs. Harrods, Limited, since the auction, a Tunbridge Wells residence and 167 acres of surrounding land ripe for development, known as Sherwood Park, a mile from the Central Station.

Brighton flats have been sold by Messrs. Wilson and Co., with about £3,000 per annum rent roll. The sale includes Nos. 7, Palmeira Square; 20-21, Adelaide Crescent; flats in Eaton Court; and Nos. 2, Royal Crescent, and 32, Marine Parade. One other block of flats on the same estate—No. 14, Adelaide Crescent—with a rent roll of about £1,100 per annum, is still for sale. This investment shows a return of 10 per cent.

Messrs. Fox and Sons have sold a freehold residence in West Cliff Road, Bournemouth, for £3,900, and Caspardene, Thistlebarrow Road, Bournemouth, for £1,300, since the auctions.

### SALE OF TWENTY-ONE PROPERTIES.

**BUSINESS** has continued brisk at St. James's Square this month, the sales effected by Messrs. Hampton and Sons including:

London.—Nos. 21, Montagu Square, probably the most attractive house in this well known square, facing west, over gardens; 9, Connaught Square, overlooking the gardens (in conjunction with Messrs. Deacon and Allen); 31, Cumberland Terrace, with views over Regent's Park (in conjunction with Messrs. Maple and Co.); 3, Buckingham Street, Westminster, a modernised and well fitted residence; 15, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, detached, double-fronted, with garage

and garden; 26, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, a choice "period" house, with garden and garage, the direct Cadogan lease; and 66, Elsworth Road, a Willett-built house (in conjunction with Messrs. William Willett, Limited). Country and Coast.—Barvin Park, Potters Bar, a freehold residential property of about 100 acres, practically all park pasture, with substantially built residence, in charming pleasure grounds, five cottages and capital farm buildings (in conjunction with Messrs. Curtis and Henson); Oaklea, Northwood, a modern residence; Yew Cottage, Abbots Langley; Colne House, Earls Colne, near Colchester, an old-fashioned residence, with lodge, four cottages, stabling and about 59 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Cobbe and Wincer); Culmer Farmhouse, Witely, a genuine Tudor residence, with old barn and granary and 2½ acres; Little Meadow, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, freehold, with cottage, garage and a delightful pleasure of 2½ acres (in conjunction with Mr. Alfred C. Frost); No. 36, Castle Hill, Maidenhead (in conjunction with Mr. Charles Barker); Hartwells, Pinkneys Green, an old-fashioned freehold with garage and stabling, in grounds of over 2½ acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Giddys); Orchard House, Wargrave, a Georgian house and about 1 acre; Bicton Croft, Burgess Hill, a well fitted freehold residence with garage and grounds of about 3 acres (Lot 2, a semi-detached villa, may be treated for privately); Brier, St. Leonards-on-Sea, a modern residence with garage, cottage and gardens (in conjunction with Messrs. John Bray and Sons); Barn House, Broadway, an eighteenth century residence with garage and 1 acre; Rixlade, near Exeter, an old house with all modern conveniences in gardens extending to 3 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Connoles, Rickeard and Green); and Loventor Manor, Totnes, an old manor house in beautiful setting, with garages, stabling, cottages and nearly 50 acres.

Messrs. William Willett, Limited, have sold Little Gate, Roehampton, and Rothbury, Worthing, since the auctions.

### CONJOINT TRANSACTIONS.

**THE** different ways of regarding business are shown in an announcement by Messrs. J. Ewart Gilkes and Partners. They have selected from a large number of sales in the last week or two only those in which they have acted jointly with other agents. Sometimes firms complain that, if from a list of sales, those most worth mentioning are thought to be the sales effected jointly, it seems to be implied that they can do nothing independently. There is no foundation for the supposition—indeed, co-operation with other agents is a very healthy sign. Messrs. Ewart Gilkes and Partners, acting as mentioned, have sold Fairlawn, Banstead, and 10 acres, disposed of before the auction, in conjunction with Messrs. Morgan, Baines and Clark; No. 13, South Street, sold in conjunction with Messrs. King and King; No. 27, Montpelier Place, sold in conjunction with Messrs. George Trollope and Sons; No. 7, Eldon Road, sold in conjunction with Messrs. H. E. Foster and Cranfield; No. 51, Ovington Street, sold in conjunction with Mr. W. A. Ellis; properties in Milne Street, in conjunction with Messrs. Mellersh and Harding; No. 9, Gerald Road, sold in conjunction with Messrs. Barker and Neale; and property in Montpelier Row, with Messrs. Stuart Hepburn and Co.

Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold Staplehurst Place, Kent, a Georgian residence, formerly The Dower House of the adjoining Iden Manor.

The Westminster freehold, No. 26, Old Queen Street, overlooking St. James's Park, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Foord and Salberg.

### AN ANCIENT ESSEX HALL.

**MR. P. M. JOHNSTON**, F.R.I.B.A., is engaged in the restoration of Southchurch Hall, an Essex moated farmhouse dating from the early part of the fourteenth century. It is on the site of an earlier building, and the actual site has probably been inhabited for, at any rate, 1,000 years. It is one of the earliest surviving examples of mediæval architecture in Essex, but recently was in a state of extreme decay. It was intended to demolish it and to lay a road through the site until its antiquity was discovered, when it was

presented to the Corporation of Southend by the beneficiaries of the late Mr. T. Dowsett. After being restored, it will be used as a library and museum.

Messrs. Kemsleys have sold building land in Hornchurch, which was unsold at their auction at Hornchurch Hall, the property of the Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford; also part of Suttons Farm, Hornchurch, for the same clients. Their recent sales include Pitley and Gamblers Hall Farm, Great Bardfield (389 acres), and Gobions Farms, East Tilbury; houses at Woodford Green, Wanstead, Epping and Ongar; as well as a number of houses in other parts of Essex.

### DORSET SEAT CHANGES HANDS.

**THE** executors of the late Colonel F. L. Livingstone-Learmonth, C.M.G., have sold through the agency of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Hy. Duke and Sons, the Southover estate of 753 acres at Tolpuddle, between Bournemouth and Dorchester, with a mile or two of trout fishing. The property is intersected by the river, to which there are 1½ miles of bank, and where fish up to 20 lb. are caught. The river has not been systematically fished and no exact record of the basket has been kept, but in 1925 180 were caught; in 1924, 60; and in 1923, 80. For its size, the estate provides varied shooting, including wildfowl and snipe on the water meadows, pheasants, woodcock and rabbits. The bag for 1927-28 was 22 partridges, 355 pheasants, 4 woodcock, 102 snipe, 6 duck and teal, 32 hares and 768 rabbits; and for 1929, 58 partridges, 384 pheasants, 6 woodcock, 119 snipe, 10 duck and teal, 49 hares and 937 rabbits. There is hunting with the South Dorset Pack.

### CURZON HOUSE.

**I**N connection with the coming sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., for Lord Howe, of Curzon House, it is interesting to recall that close by is Curzon Chapel, which has been accurately described as "a large, dull brick building." The chapel is inferior in interest to the once notorious and unlicensed chapel which was used by the Rev. Dr. George Keith, a Scotsman, to celebrate clandestine weddings. An Act of Parliament, passed in 1753, ended the scandals connected with Keith's chapel. The measure did not come into force until Lady Day, 1754, and Walpole wrote to Montague: "The Duchess of Argyll harangues against the Marriage Bill not taking effect immediately, and she is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady Day." Keith began his malpractices at the Fleet Prison marriage office, but found Curzon Street more lucrative. The *Daily Advertiser* of January 30th, 1750, stated that "The way to Mr. Keith's chapel is through Piccadilly, by the end of St. James's-street, and down Clarges-street, and turn on the left hand." Many noted names appeared in Keith's register, for example: "1751, July 21—Edward Wortley Montagu and Elizabeth Ashe, St. Martin's-fields; 1752, June 30—Bysshe Shelley and Mary Catherine Michell, Horsham; and 1752, Feb. 14—James, Duke of Hamilton and Elizabeth Gunning," one of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings." Keith died in 1758, and oddly we find him as author of *The Guide to the Christian Pathway to Everlasting Life*, a strange theme for one of his notoriety. The Curzon House sale will be the prelude to further changes in Mayfair, as there are no restrictions on the conversion of the freehold to business uses. The contiguous Berkeley Square has lately witnessed changes which have included the adaptation of one of the largest mansions as the estate offices of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The changes in Bruton Street mark the transformation of much of what was once purely a fashionable residential district. Messrs. George Trollope and Sons were arranging to sell another mansion in Berkeley Square, with 55ft. of frontage, and the cancellation of that auction and the Berkeley Square and Bruton Street auction, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Wilson and Co., "in consequence of the property being sold by private treaty," is evidence of the activity of the market for Mayfair property.

The sale of old French and English furniture, pictures and porcelain at Sidholme, Sidmouth (Mr. Arthur H. Knight, of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in the rostrum) included a Louis XV petit commode of tulipwood mounted with chased ormolu, 21ins. wide, signed B.V.R.B., M.E., 400 guineas. **ARBITER.**